

The Nation.

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The Week.

MR. BOUTWELL has appeared before the Committee of Ways and Means to explain his dealings with the Syndicate, and obtain from it an expression of opinion as to the propriety of his disposing of the remainder of the five per cent. loan on the same terms and through the same machinery. His account added little or nothing to what was already known; he made no attempt to deny that he had broken the law, but pleaded the necessity of the case. He at first appointed a great number of bankers, including the whole of the national banks in this country, as agents for the sale of the loan at the legal commission of a quarter per cent.; but none of them except the national banks did anything, and they only took sixty millions, which Mr. Boutwell says was largely due to "a feeling of patriotism," but no "patriotism" could get them beyond this amount without more inducement in the shape of filthy lucre. He, therefore, tried what he called the "new system," or in plain English disregarded the Act of Congress, and offered terms to the Syndicate which he had not offered to the banks. He gave the Syndicate new bonds in exchange for old ones—but the old ones were not deliverable for three months after the subscription of the new ones, and during these three months interest amounting in all to eleven per cent. per annum ran against the Government on both bonds; in other words, the Syndicate got one and a half per cent. commission for placing the loan in the shape of interest in the first instance, then one-eighth commission, besides whatever remained out of the one-half per cent. allowed by law, after the expenses, such as the printing and engraving and advertising of the whole loan of \$200,000,000, had been paid, and what was left of the commission which *might* have been paid, but was not, on the \$60,000,000. The question, of course, will suggest itself to everybody's mind, now that he proposes to repeat this process—why does he not go into the market, and offer to the whole world the terms he offers the Syndicate? He has never tried this; why not try it now?

Mr. Boutwell has offered his resignation, and Judge Richardson bids fair to succeed him, though Mr. E. D. Morgan, of this city, is talked of; and some people say there is a strong probability that the State Department will be offered to Mr. Adams, as a sort of concession to the Liberals. Mr. Morgan would bring to the Treasury the strong common sense and experience of a successful business man, whose head has never been ravaged by political nostrums, but even he is unfit to "move the crops." Mr. Adams's appointment would be very valuable to the country, if his advice were taken on matters outside his own office, in which there is at present nothing very important going on. Judge Hoar is talked of for the same place, and with some probability. Mr. Boutwell's administration of his office is admitted on all hands to have been eminently honest; but he has been one of those honest men who, in this world, prepare the way for thieves. His views of the civil service, of the force of law, and of the value of human experience, and of statistics, are those in which thieves delight, as they afford the fullest play to their ingenuity. Nothing has, however, more amused and excited all the loose fishes of the community than his views on the subject of "moving the crops." Since he has revealed his opinion of the duty of the Treasury in this particular, his place has become an object of passionate longing to thousands of "financiers," who never cared a cent for it before. The idea of being able to issue greenbacks every fall "for the relief of the community," is one that fills their imaginations as no earthly dream has ever done before. Hundreds of men in Wall Street would give ten years of life to be allowed "to

move the crops" for even one year, and look on Judge Richardson as one of the luckiest dogs that ever drew a check.

The Louisiana Committee have published an address to the people of the United States describing the recent occurrences at New Orleans. It is on the whole a clear and temperate document, and its statement of facts leaves, in our opinion, nothing to be desired. The facts are these—and we commend them to the earnest attention of our readers. There was an election on the 4th of November of Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and members of the State Legislature, besides the Federal officers. The candidates for the governorship and lieutenant-governorship were Kellogg and Antoine on one side, and McHenry and Penn on the other. It passed off quietly, and the returns were duly made to the Board of Canvassers. This Board consisted, under the State law, of the Governor (Warmoth), Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, and two other persons named Lynch and Anderson. The Secretary of State was then a person named Heron, who had been put in the place by Warmoth in place of one Bovee, removed several months before, and the legality of this removal was in litigation before the State courts. When the Board met, the majority resolved that Pinchback, the Lieutenant-Governor, and Anderson were disqualified, as being themselves candidates for office, and Warmoth removed Heron, the Secretary of State, "as a defaulter," and appointed one Wharton in his place. The Board then consisted of Warmoth and Wharton and Lynch, Lynch forming a hostile minority. The excuse Warmoth made for removing Heron was that he had detected him in a plot to falsify the returns, which may or may not have been true; but it was true, and looks suspicious, that Heron had got a duplicate of the great seal of the State engraved several days before in preparation for a possible removal. The majority then proceeded to fill up the vacancies by electing Hatch and Dupont; but Lynch, allying himself with Heron, also proceeded to fill the same vacancies by electing Longstreet and Hawkins. There were then two boards—one presided over by the Governor and in possession of the returns, and the other composed of Lynch, Heron, Longstreet, and Hawkins. Things were in this position when the State Court decided that the removal of Bovee and appointment of Heron to the Secretaryship of State by Warmoth were illegal. This brought Bovee back into office and into Board No. 1, and left Heron "out in the cold." The state of things was now pretty bad, but it was one with which the State law was abundantly competent to deal.

Now comes the usurpation complained of: Kellogg and Antoine, the two candidates on one ticket, without waiting for either Board of Canvassers to make its count or announce its decision, rushed into the Federal Circuit Court and filed a bill in equity under the Enforcement Act, making Board No. 1 defendants, alleging that they had a majority at the polls, that 10,000 of their voters had been prevented from voting, and praying to have Warmoth's Board restrained from acting. Pending the suit, an *ex-parte* order was granted in Kellogg's suit based on the charge that Warmoth's Board had improperly made a proclamation and return, directing the United States Marshal to seize and hold the State House, and prevent all persons assembling there under or by virtue of the Warmoth canvass, but to permit the entry of such persons as he (the Marshal) thought entitled to it; in other words, a United States Judge directed the Marshal to seize the State House and pass himself on the qualifications of all persons presenting themselves at the door and professing to be State legislators. Another order issued in Antoine's suit enjoined the Governor of the State from counting the State votes except in the presence of officers appointed by the Court, or from organizing the State Legislature or the Senate, or from interfering in any way with the returns of the Bovee Board; for

ding twenty persons by name from taking seats in the Senate unless they were returned by the Bovee Board, and one hundred persons in like manner from taking seats in the Lower House; forbidding the clerks and officers of both Houses and the Secretary of State from recognizing as members any persons whose names were not on Bovee's list; forbidding the Metropolitan Police from interfering with the assembling of persons returned on Bovee's list; and forbidding the Governor's Board from acting in any manner. Under these orders, the Marshal, in command of a body of United States troops, took and held the State House as directed: All comment on this is unnecessary; but it must be borne in mind that all this was done under that little clause of the Enforcement Act which gives persons the right to sue for the recovery of an office of which they allege themselves to have been deprived by reason of the denial to some person or persons of the right to vote by reason of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The State government thus set up was promptly recognized by telegraph by the President.

The only answer to the address of the Louisiana Committee from the friends of the Administration appears in the New York *Times*, in the shape of a "dissection" of that document, in two anonymous letters. The main points the writer makes against the committee is an allegation of the moral badness of the Warmoth party, which we suppose there is no denying, and the somewhat sophistical statement that, as Judge Durell's injunctions were levelled against certain individuals by name, they could not be said to be directed against the State Government. "The bill," he says, "was drawn by one of the most experienced chancery lawyers in Louisiana, and the proceedings were in all respects in conformity with the law and practice of the court"; and he evidently thinks that with these securities the people of the United States ought to be fully satisfied. All that Judge Durell has done, it appears, is "to decide that the returns of the election should be deposited in his court with the clerk thereof, that they might be counted by the legal returning officers." Unfortunately, as the Judge decided himself who were the legal returning officers, and employed armed force to prevent the meeting of any legislators not returned by these officers, he may be said to have organized the whole State Government himself, and he did this because some one swore before him that he believed that a wrong was going to be committed against him by a board which had not yet acted. Under this "chancery practice," Judge Blatchford could take charge of the entire election machinery of this State on the morning of the election every year, for there are hundreds who would "file bills" declaring their belief that somebody was going to cheat him out of an office or vote. At the pace at which we are now travelling, every District Judge in the country will be converted into a French prefect in about five years, and his "law" would be the queerest mixture ever administered.

We have received a letter from an advocate of the Postal Telegraph who is disappointed that, in our discussion of the subject lately, we both admitted that the Government could cheapen messages and showed that this could not be done by reducing tariffs. He professes to have read Sir James Anderson, and admits his authority; but his recollections of the work differ from our statements. He also calls attention to errors in estimates made some years ago as to the number of messages transmitted in this country. We need only say that we took pains to get at the facts, and have ascertained our own figures to be correct; that in quoting Sir James we spoke from the book, which emphasizes by capitals, italics, and separate paragraphs the *résumé* of principles to which we referred; and that only a very hasty reading could have led him into his error. The *Nation* is trying to give its readers the material for an impartial and intelligent judgment on this subject, and our correspondent will probably be better pleased when we examine where-in a Government telegraph is cheap.

After a brief period of calm following on Mr. Greeley's death, "analistic circles" are again agitated by wars and rumors of

wars. The recovery of the editor of the *World* from what the *Times* believed to be a fatal illness appears to have exasperated the latter paper exceedingly, and he had hardly begun to show himself once more in public when it called him "Mantilini Marble," and accused him of accepting a house on Fifth Avenue as a bribe from the Ring. To which the *World* responded by calling the editor of the *Times* "Jennings" and an "unconscionable ass," and accusing him of ceasing his attacks on the Dock Commissioners in consideration of the appointment of his father-in-law to an office. This seems to have staggered the *Times* a little, but "it came up smiling," and acknowledged the appointment of the father-in-law, but denied that it was made at its request or with its knowledge or approval. Whereupon the *World* uttered a whoop of triumph, and called for the name of "Jennings's" uncle, in order that he too might have an office. To which the *Times* made answer by reproducing a letter of the editor of the *World*, published some months ago in his own paper, as that of "a lunatic," and announced that the author was "off to Bloomingdale." On the other hand, a treaty of peace and amity has been concluded between the *Times* and *Sun*, the latter having been moved by the spectacle of the *Times's* efforts in behalf of "the poor children"; and the two editors, each of whom has repeatedly within a year made public proclamation of his belief that the other was a frightful scoundrel, are now supposed to be co-operating in works of philanthropy. The *Tribune*, in the meantime, maintains its attitude of decorous calm, and surveys the field with "rapt prophetic gaze." But it must often feel, as it hears the rattle of the mud and stones on the tin armor of the combatants, like the pious young man who exclaimed, on his return from his travels, "Ah! what a good time I might have had in Paris if I had never experienced a change of heart."

The snow-storm which followed upon the heels of Christmas promises to give character to the season, of whose severity, indeed, we had unmistakable premonitions in November. The obstructions to travel, however, have not been in proportion to the magnitude and vast extent of the storm—embracing the eastern half of the Mississippi Valley, and the coast—except in the large cities, where a heavy snow-fall has always about the same effect as the horse-distemper for corresponding periods; and except on our suburban lines of railroad, whose managers seem to regard the snow-plough either as an invention of the adversary, or else as an instrument very convenient in the West or in Canada, but not worth keeping on hand in this part of the world. Their superstitious dread of the telegraph, too, in such emergencies as overtook them on Thursday last, is equally noticeable. They permit the suburban resident doing business in New York to cross a great river full of floating ice, in a dense fog, and to spend half a day in a close and crowded waiting-room, without making any effort to inform him of what is being done to clear the road, when the first train will start, or what his chances are of getting home that night. All this might be posted conspicuously for his benefit on a blackboard this side the ferry, with a great saving of his time and peace of mind. But such forethought would be almost miraculous.

Somebody is writing in the New York *Times* about the Erie-Gould transaction in a state of gross ignorance, to which we beg to call the attention of the editor. To talk as he talks about the Erie directors "compounding a felony," in accepting Gould's money, is to make a sad display of mental darkness. The suit of the Erie directors against Gould was a *civil suit*—and had the Erie directors prosecuted it to the last extremity, and got a verdict, they could not have obtained from Gould anything but a sum of money, no larger at the outside than \$9,726,541 26 and costs. A few minutes' reading of the New York Code, or a few minutes' conversation with any lawyer, would therefore have prevented the *Times* from indulging in the "moral" blatherskite to which it has been treating its readers on this subject for the last fortnight. The Erie directors have got all from Gould they could have hoped to get by their suit;

whether they ought to have him indicted is another matter, which has not yet come up for discussion.

The stokers of the Gas Company in London recently struck, not for any dispute about wages or hours, but simply because a "union man" had been dismissed, and they hoped to succeed by leaving the city in sudden darkness. The movement was, however, a total failure. Light was supplied in a sufficient degree for three nights by the help of candles, lamps, and calcium lights, and on the fourth the company had filled the places of the strikers completely and were doing full work, and refused to take back any of the old hands. As this strike was followed within a few days by a partial strike among the city police, the question is being vigorously discussed in England whether men filling places in the public service or in the service of companies supplying a public want under a practical monopoly, should not be held under semi-military rules, and be denied permission to resign without a month's notice. The classes of laborers whom the discussion affects more immediately are municipal police, gas stokers, letter-carriers, engine-drivers, and firemen. It is one of the points in the labor question which the continued massing of population on small areas, and in total dependence on little knots of men for certain conditions of safety and sustenance, must bring into greater and greater prominence. A strike of police, or gasmen, or telegraphers, or firemen begins to assume somewhat the character of a strike of the crew of a ship at sea, or of an army in the presence of the enemy. But it is recognized in England that if any class of laborers be required to give up the privilege of striking, they must be compensated for it either by increased wages or increased security, or by pensions.

It is admitted that we shall probably hear within a few weeks of the capture of Khiva by the Russian forces now advancing on it, and this will bring the Czar's frontier close to that of the British in India, and will give them the navigation of the Amu River, and the range called Bolor Dag in which it takes its rise, and along the base of which a pass leads directly to the Indus north of Cashmere. There is consequently the liveliest discussion going on in the English and Continental papers as to the possible effect that this "rapprochement" will have on English rule in India, but it would appear that a good deal of the talk on the subject is wasted, and that the only effect which the Russian advance is likely to have on Indian politics, for a great many years at least, is a pacific one. The Russian force at Khiva will at best be a small one. An enormous desert lies, and will for ever lie, between it and home; and even after Russia becomes possessor of all Central Asia, as it is to be hoped, in the interests of civilization, she will be before long, it would take a generation to make it a basis for operations against so well organized a military empire as British India now is, even if it is to be believed that the barbarous view of the relations of civilized powers to each other is to be indefinitely maintained. That the approach of the Russians must excite the Hindoos in some degree there is little doubt; but against this must be set the fact that it will probably dishearten the Mussulman Crescentaders, of whom we gave some account a few weeks ago, and who have given the British more trouble of late years than all the Hindoos put together.

One hundred and five members of the "Left," in the French Assembly, almost the entire number of this wing, have published an address to the French people, in which they declare the moderation of their sentiments, their horror of violence in any form, their desire for peaceful reform, and urge once more the lawfulness and expediency of a dissolution of the Assembly, and an appeal to the country. What the programme of the Right is does not yet appear, and it seems as if they did not know themselves. The work of the committee which is engaged in defining the relations of the Executive to the Assembly will clearly amount to nothing permanent, as it will not in any way quiet the radical agitation or render the position of the Right more logical. The leaders of the latter say that

whatever the indications of popular sentiment afforded by the election, they are determined to resist, inasmuch as a Radical majority might, under present auspices, be sent back to the next Assembly, and then the Commune would be set up legally by the regular government, and property put in peril. So they will probably wait "for something to turn up"—Thiers to die or resign, for instance—and then, with a man of their own way of thinking in the Presidency, they will order an election, and produce a sweeping Conservative majority, and frame a constitution that will answer their purpose. Whatever the real merits of this programme, nobody who remembers the result of the Napoleonic "plébiscites" can call it a wild one.

Kamehameha V., whose death in Honolulu, on the 11th of last month, is announced, was the elder brother of his predecessor in the miniature sovereignty of the Hawaiian Islands. He and his brother were the sons of Kekuanaoa, the late Governor of the island of Oahu. Their mother, the Governor's wife, had been in her youth the queen, or rather the mistress, of the first Kamehameha, the founder of the line of kings that have borne his name. An old legal maxim intimates, in quaint Latinity, that it is easier to name a man's mother than his father. This principle held in determining the succession of the Hawaiian kings, the noble mother ennobling her progeny. The last two Kamehamehas, though they were not the sons of a king, thus succeeded to the throne on account of the rank which their mother had held. The elder of the two, lately dead, came last to the throne on account of the greater popularity of his predecessor, the younger brother, who was a man of education, and even of culture, in certain departments of English literature. The late king displayed, upon his accession to the throne, not a little of the tyrannical bent, curtailing some important privileges which his people had enjoyed under their constitution of 1840. He was to the last a Hawaiian in all his sympathies, and even in his religion; unlike his younger predecessor, he was unfriendly to the foreign influence in his kingdom; and of the two largest classes of foreigners there, he disliked the Americans rather more than the English—having been, while travelling in this country, grossly insulted on account of his color. He died without naming a successor, and the islands remain at present, and until the reassembling of their honorary representatives, without a ruler. Whether native or foreign influences are to gain the ascendancy in their government, it is at present impossible to say.

Forefathers' Day was celebrated at Peking by the assumption of government by the Emperor in person, with formal ceremonies in the Chinese fashion. The Dowager Empresses relinquished the reins of power in a proclamation issued shortly after the youth's marriage (he is only sixteen), which took place on October 16. All that the public was allowed to see of the wedding pageant was the procession despatched from the Imperial palace to fetch the bride, and which, though not long nor having far to go, made a magnificent show of rich uniforms, banners, horses, trappings, lamps, fans, and umbrellas. Previous to the coming and going of this escort, for several days in fact, there was an open transfer of Imperial furniture to the palace, including some of the wedding presents. While ambassadors from Corea, Annam, and Locheoo were admitted intimately to the ceremony, the resident foreign ministers were excluded, owing to their well-known reluctance to *kotoe*—i.e., to get down on their knees and knock their foreheads against the ground. In the programme of the festivities which commenced immediately after the wedding day, as minutely set forth in an official pamphlet-guide, a place was indeed reserved for the ministers in the balcony at the grand banquet; and if this may be taken to imply a conciliatory disposition on the part of the Emperor as concerns the vexed audience question, his accession to the head of affairs is already an event of some significance for foreign nations having intercourse with China. The anti-foreign influence among his counsellors would have delayed still longer his marriage, which is therefore regarded in itself as a happy omen.

THE MODE OF ELECTING THE PRESIDENT.

THE Convention which assembled at Philadelphia on the 14th day of May, 1787, and adjourned on the 17th of September, consisting of fifty-five members, representing twelve States, is generally conceded to have done its work well. Considering that in those four months it not only solved the most difficult problem that was ever given to a constitutional convention—the problem of devising a new form of government to be adapted to what were essentially new elements of nationality, under conditions in the highest degree perplexing and involved—and that it not only accomplished this chief end of its task, but that it performed its work with such exactitude of detail as to require no subsequent revision, and withal in such clearness and simplicity of language that the modern schoolboy may study the instrument understandingly, its labors seem Titanic when compared with those of recent conventions and legislatures. It is true that immediately after the adoption of the Constitution, certain addenda in the nature of “declaratory and restrictive clauses” were adopted, but these in no manner affect the general plan of government, and it can hardly be doubted now that the government would have gone on substantially as it has gone if the first ten amendments had never been proposed. The men of that day, indeed, had but two ideas of a government, which were an absolute and a limited monarchy; and although their new government was established by themselves, and each Executive head was limited to the brief period of four years, they still could not but look upon government as a power distinct from the people, and to be watched with the same suspicion that their fathers had shown to an hereditary monarchy. It was really sixteen years, October, 1803, before the first amendment in the nature of an alteration was proposed by Congress, and it related to a provision which it is now proposed to alter again—the election of the President.

This amendment of 1803 was, strange to say, little more than a matter of form. As the Constitution originally stood, the electoral colleges, then supposed to be deliberative bodies acting upon their own judgment and exercising discretion in the matter of choosing a President, voted for two persons, not designating either. When all of the electoral votes were counted by the Senate, the person who received the largest number was declared President, and the person receiving the next number Vice-President, provided, however, that each was voted for by a majority of the electors. If two persons received an equal number of votes, the House of Representatives was to select one of them for President, and the other was to become Vice-President. If no one was voted for by a majority of the electors, then the election was to go into the House of Representatives substantially as at present. The operation under the old provision in our late canvass would have been this: all of the Grant and Wilson electors would have voted for Grant, and all but one for Wilson. Grant, thereupon, having the highest number of votes cast, would have been elected President; and Wilson, having the next highest, would have been elected Vice-President. If by some misunderstanding all of the electors had voted for Wilson, so that his number would have equalled Grant's, then the House voting by States would have selected, of the two, Grant as President; and Wilson would become Vice-President in virtue of the votes he received. Apparently for no other reason than to prevent this chance of the two candidates of the victorious party receiving precisely the same number of votes, the amendment known as the twelfth was adopted. In these days of party organization and telegraphic communication, it would probably have been thought a needless precaution.

Two amendments, as we understand the newspaper statements, are now proposed for the election of the President. The first is designed merely to do away with the work of the electors. But as the vote is still to be cast by States, and the proportion which each State is to contribute toward a result is still to include its Senatorial representation, the amendment will leave it still possible that

a decided minority of the people of the United States can elect the President—an assertion that will be better appreciated when we remind our readers that a minority of the population is now represented in the Senate by fifty-eight members, and a majority by only sixteen. There is, therefore, no substantial alteration to be effected by this amendment. The electoral colleges have proved a harmless and not expensive part of the machinery, composed generally of respectable gentlemen not in quest of more lucrative offices, and duly submissive to the decree of the party convention which designated the candidate for whom they vote. Such an amendment at this time is indeed chiefly noticeable as an illustration of the manner in which some minds take hold of trivial matters of form, and seem incapable of comprehending that real and substantial improvement may be needed.

But a second and much more important proposition is to extend not only the form of directly electing the President to the people, but to have the President elected by a majority of the people at large, irrespective of State representation; in other words, to throw down all State lines, and to have a majority of the people of the United States elect their executive without regard to States, just as the people of a State now elect the Governor without regard to counties. Apart from the element of what we have termed Senatorial representation, it is apparent that a minority of the people reckoned *per capita* may still elect the President. That is to say, if we should reduce the electoral colleges by striking off the two electors who are generally termed electors at large, and leave the number equal to that of our representatives in the Lower of the two Houses of Congress, it would not follow that a majority of all the voters in the United States could elect a President. This is apparent, if we reflect that in a number of States the electors may receive an almost unanimous vote, while in others they may be chosen by a bare majority. In such a case, every vote cast beyond the necessary majority is a vote thrown away. Fifty thousand majority for A in Massachusetts would not neutralize five thousand majority for B in Connecticut. Under our present system it is possible for less than one-fourth of the voters in the United States to elect their candidate against nearly four-fifths of the votes thrown solidly against him; and if the Senatorial representation were taken away from the electoral colleges, it would still be possible for less than one-third to effect the same result. Thus, if the nine largest States, with Maine, representing a population of 21,175,450, had voted unanimously for Grant, while the remainder, representing a population of only 13,029,503, had given small majorities for Greeley, the latter would have been elected against the expressed intent of more than three-fourths of the people of the United States.

Something may also be said in favor of a direct vote by the whole people from the historic point of view. When the question of choosing the President first came before the Convention, the general opinion seems to have been favorable to his election by the National Legislature, and but two States, Pennsylvania and Maryland, voted in favor of an election by the people. When, however, the Convention came to annex to the office the veto and appointing powers, it was seen that the President should not be the creature of the Legislature, but an independent officer, or rather department, of the Government. The question of his appointment was therefore reconsidered, and it was soon determined that it must proceed, directly or indirectly, from the people. But here the Convention was met by that diversity of suffrage which existed and continued to exist until the “Fifteenth Amendment” came to establish manhood suffrage. The property qualification in one State, the absence of it in another, and the disproportion of slaves in the South, were insuperable difficulties to a direct vote of the people. The Convention therefore determined to do two things: first, to resort to a special representative body which should embrace both the representation of States and the representation of population; second, to leave the method of the appointment of these representatives to be determined by each State for itself. The commonly received notion, that the object of resorting to electors was to secure a deliberative body, was not

the primary idea, nor the controlling reason for establishing the system.

By the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and the system of leaving the choice of candidates to the deliberation of two political conventions, about every reason which originally existed for the intervention of electors has been swept away. So far as State rights and State representation are concerned, it is also manifest that with the downfall of the rebellion those ideas have been relinquished by even their old advocates. The growing tendency of the public mind is against them, and our greater means of intercommunication, and closer business and social relations, lead people to regard State diversities if not State lines as inconveniences. Nevertheless, there remains the fact that our country is to a certain extent sectional, having still a South, an East, and a West, with a marked diversity of products, interests, and ideas, and something of sectional pride, prejudice, and jealousy; and that every political incident of the day warns us that the independence of the States has more to do with the maintenance of free government on this continent than some of us have for the last fifteen years been allowing ourselves to believe. It is well for those who value it most, however, to beware of subjecting it to too great a strain, and the present system of Presidential election constitutes a very serious strain.

"THE CARNIVAL OF CRIME."

THERE are said to be about twenty prisoners in the Tombs awaiting or undergoing trial for murder, and every day adds to the list of homicides of greater or less atrocity and audacity, for which there is a general feeling that a number of persons ought to be hanged. This has of course revived the old discussion as to the morality and expediency of the death penalty; in fact, this discussion is renewed every five years, apparently without producing much impression on the public mind, or adding much to our knowledge of the best mode of dealing with crime. There is this that is striking in the present discussion, however—that those of the opponents of the death penalty who take part in it clamor, above all things, for *certainity* in punishment, and are, it would seem, willing, for the sake of certainty, that murderers now in custody should be hanged, leaving the general question of the lawfulness of hanging open for future consideration. This, we think, exhibits a considerable advance upon previous states of mind, and will help, whenever the public turns its attention seriously to the subject of criminal jurisprudence, in bringing it down to the kernel of the whole controversy. We have evidently gone far towards getting rid of the influence of one phrase which has done a good deal to surround the question with a fog, viz., "the sacredness of human life"—a phrase to which probably the great majority of those who use it never attach any definite meaning, and which yet has had a good deal to do with hindering the administration of justice in criminal cases. There is probably not one man in a million who considers life "sacred"—that is, a thing never under any circumstances to be destroyed, or who would not gladly take life to save his own or the lives of his family, or to save female relatives from insult, or to save his country from invasion or conquest. One never hears of it except when society proposes to kill a man as a means of preventing murder, and we hear of it then owing to the deep impression made on the nerves by the spectacle of killing in cold blood, which, with people of sensitive organization, is so strong as to overpower completely all large considerations of remote effects or of general interests. It ought to be observed, however, that this hostility to judicial killing is found most widely diffused in communities in which the horror of assassination is very slight. The Italian dislike of capital punishment is always strongest in districts in which the knife plays the largest part in settling quarrels, and in which the manslayer has least to fear from public opinion. It shows itself also in communities in which, owing to education or circumstances, the manners are gentle, the temptations to violence few, and murder rarely heard of. No American State, so far as our knowledge goes, can at pre-

sent boast that any such Arcadian peace prevails within its borders, or pretend that it is likely to do so. This country now contains, or is likely for half a century at least in every part of it to contain, the most enterprising and audacious men of the most enterprising and audacious breeds of men on earth—men whom opinion influences little, on whom habits sit lightly, whose roots strike slowly into any soil or society, and whose fierce will finds a ready minister in a strong and cruel hand. There are thousands of such in every city in the Union; and there will be thousands on thousands of them whom we cannot reach by school, or church, or any other civilizing influence, and who will plague us until a change has come over the country which nobody now living will ever see. We could not give their fierce passions a stronger stimulus, or do more to rouse their unbridled imagination, than by making formal proclamation that they might kill their enemies, and kill all who in any way gainsaid them, without any fear of being killed in turn, and without exposure to worse consequences than temporary imprisonment.

The arguments against this view of the matter would fill anybody with astonishment who was not familiar with the working of the Sentimentalist mind and its views as to the nature of proof. One of them is that the fear of being hanged does not deter a man of low moral organization from committing murder, because when he commits the crime he is so intent on the business in hand that he never thinks of the penalty. But, then, if he never thinks of being hanged, he will never think of being imprisoned either; so that, if this doctrine be sound, there is no use in affixing any penalty at all to the commission of crime, and we should occupy ourselves solely in removing all temptation to murder out of everybody's way. This little task, however, we must remind our Sentimentalist friends, is one of those to which nobody but the Supreme Being is equal. To keep a man out of temptation, you have to know the secrets of his heart and to be able to govern his will. In the meantime, it is a fact palpable to the human eye that the attaching of penalties to the commission of certain acts does make people afraid to commit them, inasmuch as most crimes are committed in secret in law-governed communities, and the perpetrators run away and hide themselves immediately afterwards. In short, criminals, like honest men, govern themselves by a consideration of consequences. This is not a novel doctrine certainly, but every little while one has to produce it with as much parade as if it were a new and valuable discovery. Whether hanging impresses the criminal imagination as much as other penalties for the commission of murder is a question about which good men differ, but we believe there is a perfect agreement on the subject among the criminal population. If you ask any criminal whether he would sooner be hanged or be imprisoned, even for life, he will joyfully choose the latter, and it is to be presumed that on this subject he knows his own mind. If we are told, in answer to this, that hanging does not prevent murder, we reply that no penalty would put a stop to any species of crime, and that this argument, if good, would lead to the abolition of jails and police. The efficacy of a penalty is question of more or less, simply. There is some uncertainty in all human justice, and this uncertainty would of itself, even if no men were ever overpowered by their passions, prevent the total disappearance of crime. The question is whether hanging will not wear in the eyes of the criminal a greater look of certainty and irrevocableness than any other punishment; and we think that there can be no doubt that it does. You would have to change human nature to rob it of its terrors. You cannot by any solemnities or enactments make imprisonment anything like as terrible in any country; and in this country, in which governors change, public opinion is forgiving, and the longest terms of imprisonment notoriously short, it is useless to talk of it.

Moreover, even if we resolved to-morrow that imprisonment for life was an adequate penalty for deliberate murder, the question of the educating influence of criminal justice would still stare us in the face, and have to be met. That is, we should still have to consider the effect on persons criminally disposed of affixing to the slaughter

of a human being the same consequences that we affix to highway robbery, arson, rape, and forgery. This was the great and crying defect of the English system of hanging people both for petty theft and for murder. Society is bound to announce its estimate of the gravity of offences in some way, and the only distinct and efficacious way is in the enactment of penalties for various crimes. With what face can it say to a man: "If any person breaks into your dwelling-house in the night, and gags you while he packs up and carries off your valuables, we shall lock him up for life, or until he grows sorry; if, however, he cuts your throat, so as to destroy your evidence, we shall serve him in precisely the same manner"? Or to a criminal: "It makes no difference to us whether, when you commit a robbery, you murder the victim or not. You ought not to do so; but if you do, as we have given up torture in all its forms, and estimate human life very highly, we shall treat you simply as a robber. No matter for which offence you are convicted, your term of imprisonment will probably be the same"? The fact is, that after turning the question over in every light, we are drawn to the conclusion that the very best thing to be done with a deliberate murderer is to remove him from the earth, and that the great problem we have to solve at this moment is not the provision of a new penalty for murder, but the accomplishment of such improvements in criminal procedure as shall make murder trials speedy and conviction certain. The first step in this is to improve the jury law, and the second is to have cases of murder tried before a sufficient number of judges to make appeals unnecessary, and the third is to make trials speedy. If every case of homicide came before the full bench, it would be entailing no hardship on the prisoner to make their rulings on points of law final, or at all events to leave the allowing of a writ of error to their discretion; and if trials were prompt, criminals would not get the benefit of the indifference or pity which takes possession of the public when a long interval elapses between the commission of the offence and the arraignment of the prisoner. Mr. Clinton, a leading criminal lawyer of this city, announces his intention of bringing two bills before the Legislature this winter—one improving the classification of homicides, and the other hastening the trial of appeals—which will be valuable changes, if he secures consideration for them.

THE MORALS AND MANNERS OF THE KITCHEN.

MR. FROUDE'S attempt to secure from the American public a favorable judgment on the dealings of England with Ireland has had one good result—though we fear only one—in leading to a little closer examination of the real state of American opinion about Irish grievances than it has yet received. He will go back to England with the knowledge—which he evidently did not possess when he came here—that the great body of intelligent Americans care very little about the history of "the six hundred years of wrong," and know even less than they care, and could not be induced, except by a land-grant, or a bounty, or a drawback, to acquaint themselves with it; that those of them who have ever tried to form an opinion on the Anglo-Irish controversy have hardly ever got further than a loose notion that England had most likely behaved like a bully all through, but that her victim was beyond all question an obstreperous and irreclaimable ruffian, whose ill-treatment must be severely condemned by the moralist, but whom no sensible man can be expected to weep over or sympathize with. The agencies which have helped to form the popular idea of the English political character are well known; those which have helped to deprive the Irish of American sympathy—and which, if Mr. Froude had judiciously confined himself to describing the efforts made by England to promote Irish well-being now, would probably have made his lectures very successful—are more obscure. We ourselves pointed out one of the most prominent, and probably most powerful—the conduct of the Irish servant-girl in the American kitchen. To this must, of course, be added the specimen of "home rule" to which the country has been treated in this city; but we doubt if this latter has really exercised as much influence on American opinion as some writers try to make out. A community which has produced Butler, Banks, Parker, Bullock, Tweed, Tom Fields, Oakley Hall, Fernando Wood, Barnard, and scores of others whom we might name, as the results of good Protestant and Anglo-Saxon breeding, cannot really be greatly shocked by the bad workings of Celtic blood and Catholic theology

in the persons of Peter B. Sweeny, Billy McMullen, Jimmy O'Brien, Reddy the Blacksmith, or Judge McCunn. Let us give the devil his due, and refrain from all sham and hypocrisy. It is in the kitchen that the Irish iron has entered into the American soul; and it is in the kitchen that a great triumph was prepared for Mr. Froude had he been a judicious man. The memory of burnt steaks, of hard-boiled potatoes, of smoked milk, would have done for him what no state-papers, or records, or correspondence of the illustrious dead can ever do; it had prepared the American mind to believe the very worst he could say of Irish turbulence and disorder. Not one of his auditors but could find in his own experience of Irish cooking circumstances which would probably have led him to accept without question the execution of Silken Thomas, the massacre of Drogheda, or even the Penal Laws, as perfectly justifiable exercises of authority, and would certainly have made it easy for him to believe that English rule in Ireland at the present day is beneficent beyond example.

Nevertheless, we are constrained to say that in our opinion a great deal of the odium which surrounds Bridget, and which has excited so much prejudice not only against her countrymen, but against her ancestors, in American eyes, has a very insufficient foundation in reason. There are three characters in which she is the object of public suspicion and dislike—(1) as a cook; (2) as a party to a contract; (3) as a member of a household. The charges made against her in all of these have been summed up in a recent attack on her in the *Atlantic Monthly*, as "a lack of every quality which makes service endurable to the employer, or a wholesome life for the servant." And the same article charges her with "proving herself, in obedience, fidelity, care, and accuracy, the inferior of every kind of servant known to modern society." Of course, there is hardly a family in the country which has not had, in its own experience, illustrations of the extravagance of these charges. There is probably nobody who has long kept servants who has not had Irish servants who were obedient, faithful, careful, and even accurate in a remarkable degree. But then it must be admitted that this indictment is a tolerably fair rendering, if not of the actual facts of the case, at least of the impression the facts have left on the mind of the average employer. This impression, however, needs correction, as a few not very recondite considerations will show.

As a cook, Bridget is an admitted failure. But cooking is, it is now generally acknowledged, very much an affair of instinct, and this instinct seems to be very strong in some races and very weak in others, though why the French should have it highly developed and the Irish be almost altogether deprived of it, is a question which would require an essay to itself. No amount of teaching will make a person a good cook who is not himself fond of good food and has not a delicate palate, for it is the palate which must test the value of rules. We may deduce from this the conclusion, which experience justifies, that women are not naturally good cooks. They have had the cookery of the world in their hands for several thousand years, but all the marked advances in the art, and indeed all that can be called the cultivation of it, have been the work of men. Whatever zeal women have displayed in it, and whatever excellence they have achieved in it, have been the result of influences in no way gastronomic, and which we might perhaps call emotional, such as devotion to male relatives or a desire to minister to the pleasure of men in general. Few or no women cook a dinner in an artistic spirit, and their success in doing it is nearly always the result of affection or loyalty—which is of course tantamount to saying that female cookery as a whole is, and always has been, comparatively poor. As a proof of this, we may mention the fact—for fact we think it is—that the art of cooking among women has declined at any given time or place—in the Northern States of the Union, for instance—*pari passu* with the growth of female independence. That is, as the habit or love of ministering to men's tastes has become weaker, the interest in cookery has fallen off. There are no such cooks among native American women now as there were fifty years ago; and passages in foreign cookery books which assume the existence among women of strong interest in their husbands' and brothers' likings, and strong desire to gratify them, furnish food for merriment in American households. Bridget, therefore, can plead, first of all, the general incapacity of women as cooks; and, secondly, the general falling off in the art under the influence of the new ideas. It may be that she ought to cultivate assiduously or with enthusiasm a calling which all the other women of the country ostentatiously despise, but she would be more than human if she did so. She imitates American women as closely as she can, and cannot live on the same soil without imbibing their ideas; and unhappily, as in all cases of imitation, vices are more easily and earlier caught than virtues.

She can make, too, an economical defence of the most powerful kind to the attacks on her in this line, and it is this: that whether her cooking be bad or good, she offers it without deception or subterfuge, at a fair rate, and without compulsion; that nobody who does not like her dishes need eat

them; and that her defects of taste or training can only be fairly made a cause of hatred and abuse when she does work badly which somebody else is waiting to do better, if she would get out of the way. She has undertaken the task of cooking for the American nation, not of her own motion, but simply and solely because the American nation could find nobody else to do it. She does not, therefore, occupy the position of a broken-down or incompetent artist, but of a volunteer at a fire, or a passer-by when you are lying in the ditch with your leg broken. The plain truth of the matter is, that the whole native population of the United States has almost suddenly and with one accord refused to perform for hire any of the services usually called "menial" or indoor. The men have found other more productive fields of industry, and the women, under the influence of the prevailing theory of life, have resolved to accept any employment at any wages sooner than do other people's house-work. The result has been a demand for trained servants which the whole European continent could not supply if it would, and which has proved so intense that it has drawn the peasantry out of the fields *en masse* from the one European country in which the peasantry was sufficiently poor to be tempted, and spoke or understood the American language. No such phenomenon has ever been witnessed before. No country before has ever refused to do its own "chores," and called in an army of foreigners for the purpose. To complain bitterly of their want of skill is therefore, under the circumstances, almost puerile, from an economical point of view; while, to any one who looks at the matter as a moralist, it is hard to see why Bridget, doing the work badly in the kitchen, is any more a contemptible object than the American sewing-girl killing herself in a garret at \$3 a week, out of devotion to "the principle of equality."

As a party to a contract, Bridget's defects are very strongly marked. Her sense of the obligation of contracts is feeble. The reason why this particular vice excites so much odium in her case is, that the inconveniences of her breaches of contract are greater than those of almost any other member of the community. They touch us in our most intimate social relations, and cause us an amount of mental anguish out of all proportion to their real importance. But her spirit about contracts is really that of the entire community in which she lives. Her way of looking at her employer is, we sincerely believe, about the way of looking at him common among all employees. The only real restraint on laborers of any class among us nowadays is the difficulty of finding another place. Whenever it becomes as easy for clerks, draughtsmen, mechanics, and the like to "suit themselves" as it is for cooks or housemaids, we find them as faithless. Native mechanics and seamstresses are just as perfidious as Bridget, but incur less obloquy, because their faithlessness causes less annoyance; but they have no more regard in making their plans for the interest or wishes of their employer than she has, and they all take the "modern view" of the matter. What makes her so fond of change is that she lives in a singularly restless society, in which everybody is engaged in a continual struggle to "better himself"—her master, in nine cases out of ten, setting her an example of dislike to steady industry and slow gains. Moreover, domestic service is a kind of employment which, if not sweetened by personal affection, is extraordinarily full of wear and tear. In it there is no real end to the day; and in small households, the pursuit and oversight, and often the "nagging," of the employer, or, in other words, the presence of an exacting, semi-hostile, and slightly contemptuous person is constant. This and confinement in a half-dark kitchen produce that nervous crisis which sends male mechanics and other male laborers engaged in monotonous callings off "on a spree." In Bridget's case it works itself off by a change of place, with a few days of squalid repose among "her own people" in a tenement-house.

As regards her general bearing as a member of a household, she has to contend with three great difficulties—ignorance of civilized domestic life, for which she is no more to blame than Russian mouzhiks; difference of race and creed on the part of her employer (and this is one which the servants of no other country have to contend with); and lastly, the strong contempt for domestic service felt and manifested by all that portion of the American population with which she comes in contact, and to which it is her great ambition to assimilate herself. Those who have ever tried the experiment of late years of employing a native American as a servant, have, we believe, before it was over, generally come to look on Bridget as the personification of repose, if not of comfort; and those who have to call on native Americans, even occasionally, for services of a quasi-personal character, such as those of expressmen, hotel clerks, plumbers, we believe are anxious to make their intercourse with these gentlemen as brief as possible. Most expressmen are natives, and are freemen of intelligence and capacity, but they carry your trunk into your hall with the air of convicts doing forced labor for a tyrannical jailer. If the spirit in which they discharge their

duties—and they are specimens of a large class—were to make its way into our kitchens, society would go to pieces.

In short, Bridget is the legitimate product of our economical, political, and moral condition. We have called her, in our extremity, to do duties for which she is not trained, and having got her here have surrounded her with influences and ideas which American society has busied itself for fifty years in fostering and spreading, and which taking hold of persons in her stage of development work mental and moral ruin. The things which American life and manners preach to her are not patience, sober-mindedness, faithfulness, diligence, and honesty, but self-assertion, discontent, hatred of superiority of all kinds, and eagerness for physical enjoyment. Whenever the sound of the new gospel which is to win the natives back to the ancient and noble ways is heard in the land, it is fair to expect that it will not find her ears wholly closed, and that when the altar of duty is again set up by her employers, she will lay on it attractive beefsteaks, potatoes done to a turn, make libations of delicious soup, and will display remarkable fertility in "sweets" and an extreme fondness for washing, and learn to grow old in one family.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1872.

AMONGST the scientific advances of the year which fall within my proper line of notice are two shown in the annual exhibition of the Photographic Society. The first and most gratifying is an improvement in the heliotype process, by which a delicacy and brilliancy rivalling the silver print is obtained. I am not enabled to say in what the improvement consists, or whether it be a mechanical or chemical discovery on which it depends. Whichever it may be, it is due to Lieutenant Abney of the Royal Engineers, who has charge of the photographic instruction at Woolwich, one of the best of the non-professional photographers of the day, as well as the most accomplished chemist amongst the practical photographers; an indefatigable experimenter; and, by the intelligence of his Government, placed in a position to make his tastes and talents available for public interests. A little landscape of his in heliotype hangs with the silver prints, and scarcely the most careful scrutiny can detect any difference. Its shadows are as rich and transparent and its gradation as delicate as silver work, and the subject is such an one as has hitherto been found to present the greatest difficulty to callographic rendering. I do not know if I stated in a former letter on photography what I will in any case briefly restate, that the main and only important difference between the heliotype and the Albert-type is that the printing film, which in either case is of chromatinized gelatine exposed under a negative and then washed until it forms a relief of the subject, is in the latter attached to a plate of glass, and in the former is made so substantial that it is removable from the support. The laboratory under the charge of Lieut. Abney works under license from the Heliotype Company, but in several prints exhibited this year has attained results which are not equalled by the original workers of the process; and for the first time since I have been acquainted with its results, we see work which promises to supplant the slow, uncertain, and by the common method unstable photo-print. In the copying of engravings, maps, and drawings, in line or grain, it has long been equal to the older methods; and if the new attainment marks a standard of work and is not a single happy hit, we may soon hope to see a purely mechanical reproduction of photographic impressions; but a happy hit, even, must depend on a principle, whose application once made makes absolute success quite feasible. The difficulty in all the results I have hitherto seen (with the exception of some few prints by Albert of subjects of peculiar character), has been a granulation too visible and too little under control to be pleasant, compared to the subtle gradation of the photo-print; and this little print of Lieut. Abney's is like a sign of land to men who had begun to fear they had missed the aim of their voyage.

The other result I allude to is one which will be more generally appreciable and popular, the enlargement by the Autotype Company of small negatives of a suitable character to large ones, from which prints are made in carbon, which are absolutely indistinguishable from prints from an original negative, the minutest details in a negative 8 by 10 inches being reproduced in a print 24 by 30, with a delicacy which the naked eye cannot analyze. In a pictorial point of view this is a great advantage, enabling the tourist photographer to carry with him a suitable apparatus of great delicacy, whose work shall be enlarged to rival the results of the ponderous apparatus of the photographer-in-large, who travels with a van and assistants. Size is not a merit *per se*, but for certain purposes the power to enlarge the little negative of 5 by 4 inches to one 25 by 20 is of unquestionable value, as for instance for educational uses, and to supplant the huge direct views of the great monuments of the Old World which have attained a certain popularity even in America.

The autotype mechanical process has also some notable press-work, by a modification of the Albert-type, particularly one interior of Norwich Cathedral, which, though it has not the richness and depth of a silver print, seems quite as satisfactory in its rendering of gradations. On the whole, therefore, the year's photographic results are full of promise of mercantile usefulness. As to the artistic results, there are some examples of landscape, portraiture, and of the combination printing in which Messrs. Robinson & Cherrill have so long led the way, which it were well worth while to see in our own atmosphere. There are two landscapes by Mr. Hudson of Ventnor, of a large size (as nearly as I can guess, about 20 by 25 inches), which are absolute marvels of exquisite rendering of landscape details in a broad, tasteful manner, with a perfection of manipulation which leaves no apparent room for advance beyond, and, as *pure* photography, as near the standard of perfection as anything I can conceive.

What, perhaps, would interest the general art public, not technically artistic, is the array of dry-plate work, of which there are samples of several kinds of plates sold commercially, and of which it may be said, that though the results are short of the best wet-collodion work, they are better than the average, and but little behind the best, dry-plate work of men who exercise their utmost skill and experience in the preparation of their plates.

In the progress of photography this is a most notable fact, that a hurried and round-the-world voyager may carry with him from his point of departure a stock of prepared plates, and, without any previous training beyond that necessary to enable him to judge of the intensity of light and its effect on a sensitive preparation of standard quality, photograph any objects on his way which may strike his attention, repack and keep his plates until his return to civilization, and hand them over to a practical photographer to be developed, and secure nearly as good (and quite as valuable) results as if he had been an experienced photographer. I have in a previous letter alluded to this fact, but the display in this year's exhibition of the Photographic Society of the fruits of these commercial preparations can but strike any one in the least conversant with such subjects with the importance in an illustrative point of view of this new facility.

In point of fact, photography is in England reaching a commercial importance and productiveness well merited by the care and enterprise devoted to it. Numbers of intelligent amateurs give a large portion of their time to it; many of the public educational institutions have chairs of lecture devoted to it, whose occupants, accomplished photographic chemists, elaborate, and employ the formulas and make the discoveries which have laid the basis of this mercantile success. Photography is as essential a part of a complete technical education for an engineer or surveyor as drawing; no scientific expedition is complete now without a photographer, and the recent improvements in mechanical and chemical appliances make his work far more certain and far less laborious than it has been hitherto. I don't know what has been done in America in late years, but I presume that we manage as we do in the civil service—take the first sufficiently well-recommended applicant and trust to his finding out the business if he is able, and trust equally to the chance of his being able.

Across the Channel there have been some interesting discoveries made; one of which, a printing process by the aid of a plate photographically impressed and exposed to the vapor of mercury, seems to have a basis of practical utility, but has not thus far attained it; but another, which depends on the power of certain metals of decomposing nitrate of silver by contact, even when dry, has a minor value of a positive character, especially in printing complicated and delicate patterns on cloth; but neither has yet come fairly into the field of artistic cognizance. On the whole, therefore, we may say that photography has kept pace in advance with the sciences, rather than lagged behind with the arts.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Correspondence.

THE GREENBACK MYSTERY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will the *Nation* oblige a very old reader by answering the following questions? I think it will be conceded that the points raised are worthy of intelligent discussion:

1. What would be the effect of making greenbacks and United States bonds convertible, the one form of indebtedness into the other, at the pleasure of the holder of either? Would such an arrangement cause a rise in the value of greenbacks or a fall in the value of bonds, or would there be an advance in the one and a decline in the other to a common and intermediate level?

2. What effect would such mutual convertibility of greenbacks and bonds immediately have on the National Bank note currency?

3. Is there anything wrong morally or economically in the Government's allowing its creditors to choose whether the evidences of its indebtedness to them shall be in the form of bonds with interest or greenbacks without interest?

4. If the option to convert greenbacks into bonds, and *vice versa*, should result in making greenbacks as valuable as gold, would or would not this be equivalent substantially to a resumption of specie payments, and with less disturbance than any other mode of resuming?

5. If such option should cause a decline in the value of the bonds below par, could they be restored to par by an increase in the rate of interest?

6. What advantage does the Government derive from endorsing the National Bank notes in preference to issuing its own notes directly?

7. What advantage do the people derive from the issue and use of National Bank note currency in preference to greenbacks so-called?

8. What advantages would the banks lose if the existing privilege of issuing the National currency or any kind of credit currency were withdrawn, provided the Government should agree to furnish convertible greenbacks, in lieu of all existing credit currency; and provided that all other interference on the part of Government in their internal affairs should cease? In other words, that banking should hereafter be free except in the matter of issuing currency?

H. M. F.

BAY CITY, Dec. 25, 1872.

[1. If you mean convertible at par, it would after all amount simply to an offer of the Treasury to sell U. S. bonds at about 88, and it is upon the probable effect of this you must speculate. The bonds would doubtless go off rapidly, and if payment in greenbacks was insisted on, and the greenbacks so paid were withheld from circulation or destroyed, the remainder would undoubtedly rise in value; that is, there would be a contraction of the currency with its usual consequences. Conversion above par is already within everybody's reach who chooses to buy or sell bonds in Wall Street.

2. The effect would be the effect of a contraction of the currency; that is, the purchasing power of all money would be increased.

3. None that we know of; its creditors already possess this option.

4. No; greenbacks might have as much purchasing power as gold, and yet specie payments be a long way off. To resume specie payments, the community has to *buy* specie with commodities, and either add it to or substitute it for the existing currency. Nothing is "equivalent to specie payments" which leaves paper money irredeemable on demand.

5. Most likely; but the rate of interest is only one element in the public credit.

6. It got rid of a certain amount of its bonds without having to increase the volume of legal tenders.

7. None that we know of. Irredeemable paper issued by the Government, and irredeemable paper of other people that the Government agrees to see paid in its own irredeemable paper, are, humanly speaking, the same thing to all holders.

8. It would depend on what the banks gave for the "convertible greenbacks," or, in other words, on what terms the Government furnished them. It is to be presumed that the Government would not supply money to banks for the asking.—ED. NATION.]

WHAT SHOULD WE PAY FOR LIFE INSURANCE?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the 30th day of November last the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the largest life insurance company on this continent, if not in the world, announced officially its purpose to reduce the premiums for its policies by from 11 to 22 per cent., according to the class of insurance. This announcement kindled a blaze of discussion in the public prints which has, for the mass of the people, thrown much valuable light into the dark places of life insurance, its theories, its foundations, its mathematics.

The controversy was begun and continued by twenty-two other mutual life insurance companies, which contended that such a reduction was unsafe, a proposition the maintenance of which was an unequivocal confession of their own inability to make a similar reduction. But the failure to show that

the Mutual could not safely do business at the proposed rates was as conspicuous as the attempt to show it was desperate.

The contending companies further argued that the reduction would be unjust to the present policy-holders or co-partners in the Mutual. This was, for reasons which I shall presently give, true; and they succeeded on this issue in arousing so formidable an opposition that the Mutual abandoned its project, at the same time reiterating its ability to carry out the plan of reduced premiums.

It is supposed by the contending parties that the question is thus settled and further discussion stopped. But the intense interest and enquiry which were awakened cannot be so easily satisfied and dismissed. Life insurance our people must have. Life is a venture upon which all men stake their entire capital, of whatsoever that capital consists. To the average man it is a venture on which are staked, not alone his capital, but the security, the comfort, and the hopes of those dependent upon him. That venture should be protected, as other and less important ones are protected, by insurance. It is, therefore, a question of vital consequence to the individual and to the community whether life insurance can be furnished at a lower premium than has heretofore been exacted by the majority of companies. This question is now, for the first time, fairly sprung upon our people, and they sadly mistake the temper of mankind who believe that discussion of it can be silenced by any such cowardly truce as that now declared by the late contending companies.

Whatever the Mutual Life may do, or agree not to do, it cannot blot out its own record, and that record proves beyond dispute or cavil that the company, in common with other mutual companies, has been charging for its policies from twenty to twenty-five per cent. more than under a prudent management its policies need have cost. Strenuous efforts are being made to close the controversy provoked by the Mutual; but it has already gone far enough to prove to the public that the experience of mutual life insurance companies flatly contradicts their theories; that high premiums are justified by no consideration either of safety or equity. Why, then, shall we continue to pay them?

It is alleged that to make its policies secure against all the possible adverse contingencies of the future, it was necessary to make the false assumptions of mortality and interest from which have resulted the excessively high premiums charged by the Mutual, and, indeed, the laws of certain States now compel life insurance companies to make extravagant provision against extraordinary and almost impossible contingencies. In so doing, the business and the beneficence of life insurance have been greatly circumscribed, for here, as elsewhere, it is the first step that costs, and the exaction of these unnecessarily high premiums has put life insurance out of the reach of those who most need it.

There should, no doubt, be provision made for a greater mortality and a less rate of interest than have been experienced, for "assurance" here should be made "doubly sure." But who shall make that provision?

In a mutual company it is made by the insured. They are virtually co-partners who invest all their overpayments in the conduct of their business. Thus it is that none but capitalists—those who can afford to pay more than the cost of life insurance—can under the mutual system avail themselves of its benefits.

In a stock life insurance company there is charged only the premium necessary to meet all the probable contingencies of the business, and, for those dangers which are imagined to exist somewhere on the shadowy boundary between the remotely possible and the utterly impossible, ample provision is made by the pledge of capital stock.

The injustice which defeated the purpose of the Mutual Life to reduce its rates, which it could safely have done, was the injustice of withholding the overpayments of its present policy-holders and capitalizing them for the security of new entrants. Low premiums are incompatible with mutual life insurance—the theory of which is that its patrons shall act the double part of insurers and insured.

The disadvantages of the mutual plan of life insurance are thus apparent:

1. It is *uncertain*. If you pay a fixed premium, you get a variable insurance. If you buy a fixed amount of insurance, you pay a variable premium, always too large, and always yourself supplying the capital to which you pay tribute.

2. It is *expensive*. It is a business where thousands or tens of thousands of co-partners are represented by agents whose fidelity no one watches because no one can afford to watch it, and whose extravagance no one rebukes because no one has sufficient interest to detect it, or, if he has detected it, finds it impossible to awaken his co-partners to the fact.

3. It is *dangerous*. Because the immunity from inspection and criticism enjoyed by its officers, together with the opportunity for unsafe expenditure

which its extravagant premiums afford, are temptations to which the custodians of trust funds ought never to be exposed.

4. It is *delusive*. Because, although it promises to afford insurance at cost by returning to the insured their overpayments, it does not and cannot do this. Under the best management, the expenses must bear a constant ratio to the premiums paid, for the chief outlay is in procuring the business. Take the case of the Mutual Life. It has received cash premiums of \$64,677,770, to procure which it has paid on the average a commission of 9.25 per cent., or \$5,984,789. If the lower premium had been charged, it would have received about \$50,500,000, a commission of 9.25 per cent. upon which would have been \$4,671,250. Thus in the single item of commissions the policy-holders of the Mutual have paid out at least \$1,300,000 unnecessary expenses to support the high-rate mutual plan. And all mutual policy-holders, in addition to these unnecessary expenditures which go to make up that fictitious "cost" at which they are promised their insurance, if they suffer their policies to lapse (as, disgusted by the false promises and sorry performances of such companies in the matter of dividends, seven-tenths of them do), lose the sum of their several overpayments also—that is, they not only furnish the capital which gives them security, paying liberally for the privilege, but also in certain contingencies which often arise, sink the capital they have loaned beyond hope of recovery. The annual loss to the policy-holders in the mutual life insurance companies of this country from this cause alone is not less than \$5,000,000.

If any business is worth doing, it is worth doing in a business way. The business way of doing life insurance is, to charge a rational price, give a clear contract and a definite amount of insurance. This is done only by the low-rate stock companies, which have these advantages:

1. The stock system is *economical*. Capital is invested, and those who invested it are sure to enforce care in the selection of risks, prudence in the making of investments, and economy in expenditures. Every dollar handled is their own dollar, and not the money of a careless client. It will by this token be hazarded, invested, or expended with the utmost caution. In point of fact, the stock life insurance companies have for some years past been furnishing insurance from twenty to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than the mutuals, for many of the latter have made no returns whatever to their customers, and cannot hope to make any while their present management continues. The silent influence of this fact has created a wholesome public opinion which the Mutual Life was shrewd enough to detect, but was precluded from obeying because of the inherent weakness and injustice of its system.

2. Stock life insurance is *safe*. If the Mutual, without a capital, could safely reduce its rates, how much more are those companies safe which have pledged to the protection of their clients in extremities hundreds of thousands of dollars in the shape of capital stock? As a class these, the stock companies, have to-day a standing and a record, achieved by years of honorable dealing, which put their safety as much beyond doubt or peradventure as the safety of the Mutual itself.

The Mutual Life failed in its proposed reduction of rates, because it could not abandon the false theory which makes a false premium necessary. But the reform is not stayed by the surrender of the Mutual. It will not stop for theories or theorems. It must continue until life insurance is founded on the solid rock of actual experience, and is offered to men in a plain, straightforward way and at a reasonable price.

A BUSINESS MAN.

JOHNSON AND JOHNSTONE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Unless I am greatly mistaken, not only is *Johnson* an English and *Johnston* a Scotch name, but they are entirely different names with a different meaning. *Johnson* is an ordinary patronymic, *John's son*; *Johnston*, *Johnstone*, or, in old Scotch, *Johnstoun*, is a Gentile name (if that be the proper technical adjective), and means *John's Town*.

December 28.

CARL BENSON.

Notes.

HOLT & WILLIAMS have made arrangements to republish in this country the *Fortnightly Review*, at \$3 per annum, or 50 cents a number—one-half the price at which it has heretofore been sold here.

—It would seem as if the new birth of the American Ethnological Society a couple of years ago, when it became the Anthropological Institute of New York, had spent itself in the publication of the first number of the journal of

the Institute, containing the transactions of two or three meetings. In November last, some of the members of the parent society, wishing to revive the memories of it, called a social meeting in this city, at which there was so much interest manifested that it was resolved to revive the Ethnological Society under its old title. This has been done, and the society, retaining its collections and records, will doubtless soon resume its activity. We think it a pity that there must be two societies instead of one, and cannot say that we anticipate a very brilliant career for either of them.

—One of the most useful departments of that excellent paper, the *Railroad Gazette*, is its monthly record of train accidents, a record giving all the essential particulars of cause and effect, together with the amount of injury to life and limb. That for November is the latest published, and shows 103 accidents, of which nearly one-half were collisions, and less than a dozen not preventible by human foresight, and which brought death to 37 persons, and various degrees of injury to 114. The summary of accidents since February exhibits a steady increase beginning with July. Before that month they numbered successively 21, 27, 22, 27, 44; then 31, 63, 71, 90, 103—a total in ten months of 499, or more than 1½ a day, including Sundays. In the same time 246 persons were killed and 809 injured—or between 3 and 4 every day; and the dreadful accidents last month will swell these figures considerably. We may point out to the *Gazette* its omission to take for its summary the corrected statistics for August as given on p. 416 of its issue of September 21. Owing to this circumstance, its totals are too small for the ten months ending November 30. As these are the only records kept for the whole United States, the greatest possible accuracy is desirable; especially since the returns are not official, and at best must fall short of the truth.

—We print the following as a specimen of a kind of work of which the *New York Times* does a great deal; it must be remembered in reading it that the proceeding against Jay Gould was a civil suit, not a criminal prosecution.

[The "Nation," Dec. 26.]

"The suit of the Erie Railroad against Jay Gould for \$9,000,000 has had a singular termination, in the restitution by Gould of property valued at \$6,000,000, if forced to sale, but at \$9,000,000 if properly handled. The proposition came from Gould himself, and was promptly accepted by the directors, and the proceedings abandoned. The newspapers denounce the Board fiercely for sacrificing the interests of justice to the interests of the road, and accuse them of 'compounding a felony,' and declare that Gould has made enough by the rise in stock to compensate him for his display of virtue. This last theory, however, is absurd; he could only have made comparatively a small sum by the rise in the stock. His motives it is difficult to speculate about profitably. They were, probably, as usual, mixed. Nobody who has watched a long and heavy litigation can believe that he had much to fear from the results of the lawsuit; but he is cowardly, fickle, and impressionable, and was probably sick of the Erie game, and intent on some other field of action. The conduct of the directors is not so easily passed on as it seems. They might have punished Gould severely in the courts, but the chances were against them, and they have now certainly fined him in an enormous sum."

[Rendering of the above by the *New York Times*, Dec. 26.]

"If we had defended the recent little transaction between Jay Gould and the Erie directors, the *Nation* would certainly have opposed it. As we opposed it, the *Nation*, of course, defends it, and it does so on the following 'high moral grounds,' to wit: Mr. Gould could not have made 'enough by the rise in stock to compensate him for his display of virtue.' Thus, we see that the principle involved goes for nothing—everything turns on the question, how much did Jay Gould make? Again, the *Nation* pleads in behalf of Gould that his motives in making the 'restitution' were 'mixed,' and that the Erie directors could not have brought Gould to justice without great difficulty. Therefore, if you cannot bring a criminal to justice easily, let him go. Gould has now the *Nation* and the *Tribune* on his side, so we are inclined to think those people must be wrong who say that Gould is a swindler, and that it is a public scandal to see the corporation which he has plundered making terms with him."

["Times," Dec. 28.]

"... We have found those eminent authorities, S. L. M. Barlow, Esq., the *Tribune*, and the *Nation*, to be of opinion that to assist a swindler to escape justice is quite right."

The italics in the above are ours. The indulgence of the public for this sort of thing, provided it be done in the name of "reform," or some other good cause, explains in part how it is that reform movements so often end, in morals, by substituting one form of knavery for another, and in politics by substituting one set of rascals for another.

—Among those who did not see the close of the year now past, we regret to count John F. Kensett, one of our most refined landscape artists. Mr. Kensett died suddenly of heart disease on the 14th of December, at the untimely age of fifty-four years. He leaves his peculiar sphere of art entirely unoccupied, having had no rival in a certain delicate, purified, luminous representation of nature of which he kept and carried away the secret. His early apprenticeship as an engraver to his uncle, Alfred Daggett, taught him

a clear and accurate touch; but his subsequent labors in color show no trace of that pedantry of drawing which sometimes gives unpleasant hardness to scenery of the kind he selected for his special work. He learned a graceful, capricious pencilling with the brush, which imprints upon all his outdoor compositions a singular airy charm. Most people who buy pictures at all possess one or more of these green mysteries of Kensett's, where there treating perspective of a forest is blotted with lights and tangled leaves, and the course of a transparent stream is effaced under curtains of interpenetrating boughs. Kensett never measured himself with solemn or tragical landscape; the faint reticulation of tossing leaves in a woodland distance, and the light push and resiliency of soft growths battling for the open sun, were the forms that Kensett sympathized with and never tired of describing. He hunted very keenly for the real effects of natural light and hue, and in his chosen thicket scenes he would represent the evanescent flutter among the branches in the true way by the *taches* and gleams of color rather than by any ineffectual attempts at drawing and after-tinting. Another very successful line of Mr. Kensett's was his representation of the ocean; he never committed himself to true marine, but he was very happy in studies of rocks where the ocean filled the distance as a tint or breadth of relief. In such compositions his keen truth of values and colors made the baldest scenery appear rich with the fragrance of nature; the air seemed salt and fresh, and the rocks pure with the simplicity and solitude of the shore. A sense of free ventilation was singularly apparent in all his pictures. The history of so-called panoric art in this country swept over Mr. Kensett's career without affecting it in the smallest degree. He confined himself loyally to his chosen vignettes and perspectives, where the range never exceeds what can be taken in by the pupil of the eye without moving. Altogether, Mr. Kensett was a pastoral artist, who contrived to impress his own moral refinement upon his work. He was greatly beloved by young artists, whom he praised before crowds and criticised in dialogue. His action among his fellow-academicians was dictated by the urbanity and conciliatory delicacy of his temperament; what was reactionary in his counsels was due to a natural sanity and sense of balance that he had. He was a working member, and his practical guidance will be missed by the idler men. He died President of the Artists' Fund Charitable Society. His birth, March 22, 1818, was at Chester, Connecticut. He travelled in Europe from 1845 to 1850, and of late painted alternately in this city and in his studio near Darien, Connecticut. The sole public charge reported to have been confided to him was the superintendence of the ornamentation of the Capitol, as a member of the National Art Committee. His death, as a bereavement to the art-world for the year, must be added to that of Sully, who died at a great age in Philadelphia, after having portrayed two or three generations of his fellow-men in shadowy, Lawrence-like portraits, and to that of Catlin, whose hand has left conscientious documents of a great many Indian customs soon to be as obsolete as those of the Druids.

—Mr. Boughton's pictures have been attracting attention at Knoedler's gallery in this city, after a good deal of generous admiration spared for them in London. He calls them "*The Idyl of the Birds*," and shows in them the nest-builder, the migrating bird, and the songster dead, like Otway, in the cold. Appropriate human figures, watching the stages of the trilogy, extend the sympathies of the several compositions. The paintings are three in number. Mr. Boughton, when his conception first visited him, imagined a single picture, to be called "*Summer is gone on Swallows' Wings*," and now, indeed, seen as the central composition; but the thought has been enlarged to its advantage, and the figures of maidens on either side are very beautiful supporters. The pictures exhibit Mr. Boughton's success with an order of painted types which he has created, and which he needs to carry out his peculiar kind of thoughts. He almost calls up the illusion that we see his disembodied idea. His large-eyed women, slender and almost translucent, wrapped in reverie, clothed in robes that have forgotten fashion and are worn into softness of drapery and tenderness of color, seem less like women than like thoughts. They are carefully kept between real life and dreamland. It is the very special ability of Mr. Boughton to represent a class of figures which perfectly clothe his throng of delicate ideas, without reminding us of what is eccentric in humanity, or, on the other hand, wearying us with the high claims and tiresome perfections of allegory. In the principal of these pictures, the two forms that watch the migrating birds are in Mr. Boughton's well-known vein of intellectual, restrained, but profound emotion. They cling together as orphan sisters might do, the sitting figure leaning with homelike familiarity against the knees of the standing figure, the faces touched with desolation gathered from the dark sea, the barren broom, and the departing flocks. The distinction of their countenances, their family-look, their simplicity and nobility, make them companions for

the best moments of a thoughtful man; at the same time, there is no temptation to criticise the idealization of their forms, or to wonder rudely at their throwing themselves into the attitudes of a parable. A painter or a poet, so long as he can imagine so beautiful and adequate a language, as it were, in which to express his fancies, need not fear that he will lose his hold on the public regard. Mr. Boughton claims our admiration, again, when he renders so subtly and intellectually the aspects of landscape. The backgrounds in the central picture and in the final one are, as pieces of nature, admirably painted, while they strengthen and nourish the beauty of the fable in a way unattainable to a mere landscapist. Mr. Boughton, like Mr. Vedder and some others of our painters, excites question among his old public and compels by choosing to live in London instead of New York or his native Albany. If we think it hardly flattering when our more cultivated painters decline our company and prefer painfully to assimilate themselves with other civilizations, our remedy probably is to prepare as swiftly as we can the atmosphere in which the refinements of art can bloom, and the order of things in which atelier-study can be prosecuted.

—Under date of December 8, Mr. Sutton F. Corkran writes us as follows about the Cesnola collection of antiquities, then about to be shipped from London to New York, to be finally deposited in our Metropolitan Museum. It contains, says our correspondent, specimens of an art which, though often quoted, has as yet been little known. What may be the early Phœnician style is a question which will be answered practically by direct reference to the antiquities brought over from Cyprus by the indefatigable discoverer of the remains of the ancient city of Idalion and of the temple of Venus at Golgoi. Cyprus gave to the Grecian worship two divinities, Aphrodité, the Phœnician Astarte, and Heraklès, the Goddess of Love and the Ideal of Strength. Among the statues belonging to the Cesnola collection, special mention must be made of a life-size Heraklès, wearing the lion's skin head-dress, which covers at the same time his shoulders, and holding in his right hand a small knotted club, in his left the famous quiver of poisoned arrows which freed Deianeira from the grasp of Nessus. From this rude art we see at once from whence sprang the later Hellenic art. We have now the Heraklès of a people not as yet fettered by the laws of design, but who represent their idea in all its roughness. We see no massive limbs, no awe-inspiring muscles; but we do find the tranquil appearance which Greek art took as a model from its Assyrian, Egyptian, and Phœnician masters. The chief interest in this collection is that it brings back to the memory the monuments which preceded, and it forms the missing link between the ancient Phœnician and what may be termed the Phidian art, and thus, thanks to General di Cesnola, another step has been added to the literature of sculpture. A small fresco, which General Cesnola caused to be sawn away from the base of the statue, is perhaps a better specimen of what might be termed Assyrian-Greek art than any possessed by the European museums. The total absence of perspective which, in the Nineveh marbles, causes the animals to walk over each other's backs, is here very remarkable, but at the same time we find the figure of Heraklès to be the same as that found on the earliest coins of Cyprus. "Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor" is the subject represented. A series of life-size figures represents the priests of Aphrodité, draped and bearded, wearing the curious Phœnician head-dress, under which appears the curled hair; they hold in their hands the dove, sacred to Cypris, the Phœnician Venus.

—The workmanship of these remarkable remains can only be determined after the most careful study. Their recovery furnishes a field of enquiry for years to come—ancient art, religion, and customs will each demand a careful investigation. The inscriptions do not as yet help by any means towards the elucidation of the subject, for who as yet can decipher them? Cuneiform, Phœnician, and Greek characters appear mixed together in what seems a hopeless jumble, more especially as the formation of the letters is not characteristic of any of the above types. The Duc de Luynes, M. de Vogüé, and others have attempted to decipher the Cyprian alphabet, but with but small satisfaction to themselves. It would take too much space to enumerate the many articles now being forwarded by Gen. di Cesnola and M. Feuardent to New York; but special mention may be made of the collection of iridescent glass, which radiates in colors only to be produced by centuries of interment; also of the many curious terra-cotta figures, not the least interesting being the bearded Venus, an hermaphrodite representation of the early worship of the Cyprian Goddess of Love. Gen. di Cesnola received lately a letter from Mr. Layard of Assyrian reputation, in which Mr. Layard states that he believes the discovery of this collection to be equal in value to that made by himself. Such a voucher will naturally have great weight with the New York public; and General di Cesnola himself must feel that his labors are appreciated, and

his enthusiasm shared, by those who really love the study of archaeology for its own sake, and not as a means of gaining popular applause. Another gentleman who has interested himself in the most uniring and zealous manner must also be mentioned. M. Feuardent, the eminent coin dealer, 61 Great Russell street, London, has made himself many American friends, since this collection has been under his roof, by his courteous readiness to answer all enquiries, and to facilitate the inspection of the antiquities placed by Gen. di Cesnola under his charge. M. Feuardent takes so much interest in the collection that he will offer, when the collection is finally unpacked, to help in the arrangement, and to place his services at the disposition of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum at New York. We learn from the *Athenæum* that Mr. S. Thompson, who prepared the extensive series of photographs from objects in the British Museum, to which we have already referred once or twice, has undertaken to illustrate in a similar manner these antiquities from Cyprus. The accompanying letterpress will be from the pen of Mr. Sidney Colvin.

—The London Society of Biblical Archaeology listened, on December 2, to a paper by Mr. George Smith on certain fragmentary stone tablets from Nineveh preserved in the British Museum, dating from the reign of Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, B.C. 668, and containing the text of the Deluge, lately deciphered by him. They are copies of still more ancient tablets, which Mr. Smith refers to the year 1600 B.C., and the Deluge text is but part of a series concerning the reign of a king named (apparently) Izdubar. It states of him that, falling ill, he went to see Sisit, who was supposed to have been translated, and who, in answer to a question from Izdubar, repeats the story of the Flood; how the gods warned him of its coming, and bade him build a ship, and put his family and all the seed of life into it, and then launch it in the sea. There is a break of fifteen lines, in which the particulars of its construction were probably described, and, when the narrative is resumed, Sisit is finishing the ark and coating it with bitumen, and places inside his family, his servants, and his treasures, and the beasts of the field; then enters it himself and closes the door on the commencement of the Flood. This is next described, and also the part which several deities had in bringing it about.

"I was carried through the sea. The door of evil,
and the whole of mankind who turned to sin,
like reeds their corpses floated."

The storm lasted six days and nights. The ship is stranded on a mountain in Nizir, east of Assyria, and Sisit sends out first a dove, next a swallow, and, lastly, a raven. Then follows the sending of the animals out of the ship, when Sisit builds an altar and offers sacrifices. His story told, Sisit rewards his listener with directions for curing himself of his malady; and, after carrying them out, Izdubar returns to his city, Erech. Sir H. C. Rawlinson, president of the society, in a letter to the *Athenæum*, written after the reading of Mr. Smith's paper, states his conviction that the twelve tablets of Izdubar represent the twelve months, and all together constitute a "local rendering of the old universal solar myth"; and that each tablet will be found to embody a legend especially connected with the month, or zodiacal sign, to which it refers. The eleventh tablet treats of the Deluge, and the eleventh month is called in Babylonian "the rainy," corresponding to Aquarius of the Zodiac.

—A Shanghai reader of the *Nation*, writing at the close of the summer, requested of us an article on polar exploration as being appropriate to the season. When his letter reached us, however, the winter was already in sight, and our space prevented any extended account of the expeditions actually at work in the polar regions. Nor have we more space now than merely to enumerate them. In the Old World, the Swedish expedition under Prof. Nordenskjöld is to explore the sea to the east of Spitzbergen, winter in a portable cabin on one of the Seven Islands, and in the spring of next year push for the North Pole with reindeer and sledges. The Austrian expedition under Lieuts. Weyprecht and Payer will explore in a steamship the waters between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and winter in the Gulf of Timour, spend a second year in the waters between Cape Severo-Vostotchnoy and the islands of New Siberia, and in the third year attempt to penetrate to the Pacific via Behring's Straits. This is the best equipped and the most promising of all the expeditions. The American are the U. S. exploration under Capt. C. F. Hall, which is striving to reach the Pole by the way of Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound; and the private rubber-raft adventure of M. Octave Pavy, by the way of Behring's Straits and Wrangell's Land. Concerning both these, pains have been taken to deceive the public with false information. Last summer the *N. Y. Times* was hoaxed with pretended correspondence from St. Pierre, Newfoundland, bringing news of the *Polaris* as late as Feb. 8, 1872, and asserting that Capt. Hall had encountered many evidences of "a genial atmosphere and open seas in the extreme

and undiscovered North," including vegetable drift from hot climates, and a whale with a harpoon in him like those used in the South Pacific. The latest reports from Capt. Hall received at the Navy Department were dated at Tessiusak, the most Northern Danish settlement in Greenland, August 25, 1871. M. Pavy was given a reception by the California Academy of Sciences on June 5th, and left San Francisco for Petropaulovski about the middle of the month. Nevertheless we have a forged despatch to the French Geographical Society, representing him to have landed on the northern shore of Siberia, in Kuliutchin Bay, on June 18th, to have reached Wrangell's Land at the mouth of a large stream flowing from the N. W., "not laid down in the charts" of course, and "establishing the explorer's theory of a polar continent reaching far to the north, and warm enough to melt snow." The ocean currents, also, were just what M. Pavy expected to find them, the forger of the despatch being too good-natured to deny him anything, although both on this point and as to Wrangell's Land being a continent instead of a cluster of islands, Prof. Davidson (of the U. S. Coast Survey) frankly opposed M. Pavy at the reception referred to above, and with great show of reason.

A NEW SORT OF UNITY.*

THE first copy of this nicely printed volume which fell into our hands was accompanied by a printed notice showing it to have been presented to some one by the American Iron and Steel Association. The idea of an association with a name suggestive of nothing more scholastic than metallurgy, or more philosophical than a trip-hammer, engaging in the dissemination of a philosophy so elevated and abstract as that of "the unity of law," by the gratuitous distribution of goodly octavos, is certainly a little comical. Whether the love of learning thus displayed is or is not entirely disinterested, our readers can judge as well as we when they know that the basis of the work is a recast and abridgment of the author's 'Principles of Social Science.' It appears, however, that since the publication of the latter, Mr. Carey, studying the works of the great physicists, has been so struck by the unity between the law of the conservation of force and the orderly operation of a properly arranged galvanic battery in physics, and the philosophy and working of a protective tariff in social science, that he had to rewrite his book to provide a proper setting for the new idea. So he describes the structure and operation of the galvanic battery in a manner which does not at all encourage the belief that he would prove a valuable assistant in a telegraph office, and proceeds to show that the community "constitutes a great electric battery, to which each individual contributes his pair of plates." With a protective tariff these "human plates" arrange themselves in the proper manner for the production of the current, while every evil the human race has experienced happens to the "societary positives and negatives" if the free-trader is allowed to introduce himself among them.

The titles of the chapters after the first give the work an air of systematic and profound research. We have, in orderly succession, Science and its Methods, Man, the Subject of Social Science, the Physical and Social Laws, the Societary Organization, Matter and Mind, etc. But the text dashes the hopes founded on the titles. For instance, the chapter on Science and its Methods is a succession of platitudes in which nothing but the quotations from Comte and others would suggest a new and definite idea to any one intelligent enough to read the newspapers. The readers for whom the work is intended may be edified to learn that "the multiplication table enables the ploughman to determine the number of days contained in a given number of weeks," that "the sounding line enables the sailor," etc. But what will the thinker say to the opening proposition of the chapter, that the first man, after seeing the sun rise for a week, could not conceive of its rising again without being accompanied by light?

If we wished to expose only the amusing side of Mr. Carey's philosophy, we might confine ourselves to quotations descriptive of the operations of his societary battery. But the grave side of the question is worth looking at, for the reason that he uses a mode of reasoning which is very fascinating to a certain class of minds, and that class by no means low in the intellectual scale. It consists in drawing broad generalizations respecting the causes of national greatness, and the progress of nations in wealth and power, from the circumstances by which they were surrounded, the direction of their activity, or the statistics of their industry, without any enquiry into the sufficiency of these causes to produce the observed effects, or into the manner in which they may be supposed to operate. As an example, we may allude to the recent statement attributed to one of our most honored statesmen, that Mr. Seward was led to the purchase of Alaska by the thought that "the grandest achievements of man had been associated with the shores of the world's

seas." "It was along the borders of the Mediterranean that the Byzantine empire flourished and was destroyed; that Rome attained her supremacy and fell," etc. Hence the United States must secure the largest possible foothold on the Pacific, the possible sea of the future. The complete fallacy of this mode of reasoning may be seen by comparing these views of Mr. Seward with those of Mr. Carey on the same subject. The former attributes the greatness of the maritime nations of the past to their having control of seas to trade upon, and thus holds them up as examples for our imitation. The latter attributes their downfall to their having made this use of their seas, and holds up their fate as terrible examples for us to avoid. The fact is that, splendid as this mode of investigation looks, it is one by which any one can prove anything he pleases, for the reason that the causes are so complex and so numerous, and the results so varied, that a seemingly ample support for any theory can be found by a proper co-ordination of the facts.

If this is the case when the utmost care is taken of the facts, how is it when a writer is so careless of them as Mr. Carey seems to be? Here we shall, to do him justice, begin with his strongest point. He and his followers look upon his law of the occupation of the earth as his greatest discovery, and it is perhaps that in which he has most strongly supported his case. The law in question is that the work of cultivation "invariably" commences on the poorer soils, and passes to those which are more rich as wealth and population increase. Let us begin by seeing exactly how far this general fact has been established, and on what ground it rests. To begin with the latter, it is quite clear that if the richer soils are swampy and require drainage, or are covered with heavy timber, or in any way offer obstacles to cultivation, to overcome which requires more labor than the early settler has to bestow, the latter must commence on some poorer soil which he can reclaim. Now, what Mr. Carey has done has been to search the history of all lands and examine the physical geography of all countries during the past two or three thousand years to find instances in which this condition was fulfilled. But this does not prove the law, nor can it be proved until he shows that by a universal and necessary rule soils are everywhere difficult to reclaim in exact proportion to their fertility, and this he cannot do, and, what is curious, does not directly attempt to do. It is certainly interesting to read his eloquent attempt to show that all the countries of the Old World were first settled in the least fertile portions, and that population gradually moved to those which were more fertile. The uncritical reader, confiding in the author's facts, must admire his seeming depth of historical research. But it will be different if he reflects that he is reading most circumstantial accounts of the movements of population during a period of which, by the common testimony of historians, we have no authentic record, presented with as much confidence as if the author had complete census tables before him. When he reads, "The Samnite hills were peopled, Etruria occupied, and Veii and Alba built before Romulus gathered together his adventurers on the banks of the Tiber," he must remember that not only is there no credible evidence that Romulus ever lived, but that we have nothing like an authentic record of Roman history for centuries after the time of that mythical personage. When he reads that "the mountainous Crete was occupied from a period when the Delta of the Nile was a wilderness," he must remember that the civilization of the fertile valley of the Nile is among the most ancient of which we have knowledge, while the whole of Grecian history, and of course that of Crete, becomes mythical a very few centuries before the Christian era. When he reads how India and Persia were settled, he must remember that the four great civilizations of the ancient world were those along the valleys of the Hoang-Ho, the Gauges, the Euphrates, and the Nile, and that it is to the fertility of the valleys of these rivers that historians attribute their early occupation. If, in addition to this, he will remember that it would require a vast amount of geographical research to judge exactly what spots were fertile and what were not in those times, that the "peaked islands" probably had fertile valleys in which population was thickest, and that Mr. Carey is quite unknown either in the literary world as a historian or in the scientific world as a geographer, he may well conclude that his brilliant and impressive descriptions of the constant movement of population from poor to rich soils are in large part the products of a poetical fancy.

It is easy to look with complacency on such liberties with ancient history. But Mr. Carey's attempts to deceive his countrymen with regard to the present state of European society are of a kind we can hardly trust ourselves to characterize. They are not the less inexcusable that they are made not so much by direct and specific statements as by implication and vague generalities. One of the principal objects of this treatise on the "unity of law" is to make its readers believe that English laborers are oppressed by their "masters" and degraded by the policy of their Government more than those of any other country, and that English society is generally in a deplorable state, owing to the free-trade policy of the country. This he does by searching the whole English literature of the century, and culling out odd paragraphs,

* "The Unity of Law, as Exhibited in the Relations of Physical, Social, Mental, and Moral Science. By H. C. Carey." Philadelphia: H. C. Baird. 1872. pp. xxiv.-433, 8vo.

sentences, and parts of sentences which favor his views, and then commenting on them as if they expressed the publicly avowed policy of the British Government. He has very judiciously scattered these through the entire book, so that one can hardly open it without finding the most dismal comments on a "wretched proletariat," "a dance of death," "a hundred hours a week," "power of matter over mind," "trading," "warfare," "arrest of civilization everywhere," and everything else bad which a diseased imagination could suggest. The men of England have so deteriorated that "throughout the whole realm of England there would now be found few, if any, capable of drawing to their heads those terrific shafts which, down even to the day of Flodden (1513), constituted the essential element of English warfare." Her missions to the benighted heathen have totally failed because so few have seemed to appreciate the idea that the blessed Gospel of work lay at the root of all morals.

For what class of readers such "unity of law" could have been written it is hard to say. Every man of wide intelligence knows that English laborers, as a class, are better provided for than those of any other country in Europe, that they are physically more powerful, as Mr. Brassey has recently shown by numerous examples, and that they are rather better fed and fully as well housed as the average of those on the Continent; that they have been continually improving during the last thirty years, and that that improvement was never so rapid as now. To compare them with the laborers of Russia, from any point of view, would be simply ludicrous. How amusing, then, to contrast Mr. Carey's descriptions of Russia with those of England! The former "carries steadily up the apex of her edifice," "Moscow will be the grand centre of commerce." Germany and Russia have been engaged in the effort at bringing into orderly arrangement their hundred millions of human positives and negatives. "Russia will make demands on Central Europe for its surplus population," etc. If our free-trade wits have never attempted to parody Mr. Carey's style of reasoning, it must be because they have found themselves unable to invent anything more ridiculous than the original. It would certainly require no mean talent to do it.

HENRI REGNAULT.*

THERE are no more striking works in the Luxembourg Museum than two large pictures recently placed there, side by side: one an immense equestrian portrait of General Prim, the Spanish revolutionist; the other a Moorish executioner, wiping on the hem of his garment the scimitar with which he has just dissevered the head and body which lie gushing blood at his feet. The pictures arrest attention by the singular brilliancy and audacity of their coloring, their massive breadth of execution, and, above all, a certain unmistakable glow of youth and genius. They are signed by Henri Regnault, a name already a little known in America, where one of the artist's few finished works—the "Automedon"—is owned, but deserving of a wider knowledge now that the volume whose title we have transcribed has established the record of his rapid, brilliant, and touching career. The portrait of Prim was painted in his twenty-sixth, and its companion in his twenty-seventh year. Six months later, on the 19th of January, 1871, Regnault fell at Buzenval, before the walls of Paris, victim of the last shot possibly fired before the surrender of the city. It could hardly have extinguished a life of greater promise. During the previous months of national distress he had written these lines:

"We have lost many men; we must supply their places with better and stronger ones. We must learn the lesson. We must cease to be relaxed by facile pleasures. We have no longer the right to live for ourselves alone. It was the fashion not long since to believe in nothing but enjoyment and in all the bad passions. Selfishness must depart, and take with it that fatal bravado of contempt for all that is honest and good. . . . The Republic now demands of us a pure, honorable, serious life, and we must all pay to our country, and beyond our country to free humanity, our debt of body and soul. We owe them what both these may produce together. All our energies must concur to the well-being of the great family, through the practice for ourselves, and the example for others, of the feelings of honor and the love of work."

In spite of its brevity, there is something singularly complete in Regnault's career, and we may almost expect that, as time goes on, it will become poetized and etherealized, and assume a sort of legendary hue. He had almost every gift, and his talent with the brush was but the finest of a dozen accomplishments. He was an excellent musician, and his beautiful voice was the delight of his friends. He relates in one of his letters from Rome that M. Hébert, the director of the French Academy there, giving a sort of official dinner to a company of princesses and duchesses, and having engaged for their entertainment certain operatic artists, who broke their contract at the eleventh hour, came to him in distress and begged him to furnish

the whole musical diversion. Regnault consented modestly, but successfully. He was a devoted horseman, and an impassioned observer and painter of the animal. He was an accomplished gymnast, and not the least picturesque episode of his picturesque residence in Spain is his story of having *épaté* (flattened out) a company of Madrid *gitanos* by walking on his hands and leaping five chairs in a row. As a writer he is admirable, and even if his paintings were of much less value, his delightful letters would amply serve to keep his memory sweet. He made the utmost of his life while it lasted, for though at moments he bitterly accuses himself of recklessness and waste of time, yet he lived incessantly in a way altogether foreign to characters of a less generous temper—with an intensity of perception and enjoyment, and a rapidity of development, which make a kind of breathless effort of the perusal of his letters. He succeeded from the first, and made a brilliant impression. He travelled much, and when he had fairly got command of his talent, struck blow upon blow. He made innumerable friends, who speak of the charm of his talent as second only to that of his character. The reader receives from the volume before us an irresistible impression of both. At last, so that no touching and appealing point should be wanting in his history, he becomes engaged to a young girl whom he had long loved, and while waiting for a brighter day to marry receives a bullet through his brain for his country. One of his many friends has here collected his letters, which reflect his well-filled days with admirable vividness. The reader will thank us for allowing him to speak for himself.

In 1866 Regnault received a *prix de Rome* from the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, and early in the following year took up his residence at that Villa Medici on the Pincian, a chance, however remote, of being promoted to whose academic shades ought to stand nowadays, it seems to us, against many prospective tribulations of *la jeune France*. His letters begin with his journey and are admirable from the first—full of observation and expression, alacrity and energy. Rome disappoints him—especially the churches and the small scale of certain famous buildings and ruins, the Capitol, the Forum, and the Arch of Titus, which he thinks altogether below the reputation of the Ancient Romans. He has a good word for the Coliseum, however, and many admiring ones for Michael Angelo.

"I'm back from the Vatican. I got on my knees to the paintings of the 'Sistine Chapel' and the 'Stanze.' I'm crushed. That giant of a Michael Angelo has left me half dead. That ceiling is a thunder-stroke. It's above everything conceivable by the imagination of a painter, a sculptor, and a poet, and can never lose its fascination. I confess that in the presence of this ceiling, the wonder of wonders, I was unable to look at the 'Last Judgment.'"

It was some time before he got to work. In reply to some remarks from his father on the subject of his delay, he declares that he is intentionally idle; that he wishes to take a general view, to absorb impressions, to prepare his mind. He makes innumerable excursions, takes long rides on the Campagna, talks music with the Abbé Liszt, pays a flying visit to Naples, and, on his return, decides to make a visit to Paris, where the great Exhibition of 1867 had just opened. Up to this point, if Regnault were not a real genius, we might almost fancy him an imitation, but in Paris he begins his first important work—the portrait of a lady in red velvet on a red background. He took his picture back to Rome with him, finished it laboriously, and, sending it to the Salon of 1868, found himself suddenly almost famous.

Théophile Gautier, as if in prevision of Regnault's brief harvest of laurels, blew the trumpet of praise with magnificent resonance, and published the first of those articles, not less rich in color than the pictures themselves, with which he did honor to each of the young painter's successive performances. On his return to Rome Regnault made a second excursion to Naples to see Vesuvius in eruption; but from this moment he begins to work in earnest, and till he enters upon his military duties during the siege of Paris the brush is hardly out of his hand. He begins two ambitious pictures: a "Judith and Holofernes" and an "Automedon" with the horses of Achilles. The latter is his first *envoi* to the annual exhibition in Paris of the works of the pupils at Rome, and his description of his design is worth quoting:

"It's a free translation; Automedon may be anything you want, and I have aimed, in my horses, not at the cut of the mane of the Thessalian horses, but at whatever there is most noble and most frightful in the horse—at what might make the historical horse, the horse that spoke, the horse that foresaw the death of his master Achilles. . . . The sky is overlaid with clouds; a leaden sea begins to toss, dumbly, though on the surface it still seems to sleep. A ray of melancholy sunshine casts a pallid light along the horizon upon a naked, rocky shore. The horses, knowing that their master is leading them to battle, that this battle will be his last, and will cost him his life, wrestle and struggle against the servant who has come to fetch them from pasture. One of them, a dark bay, rears like a great dark phantom in relief against the sky. I have tried to express in the picture a foreboding of calamity. But have I expressed all I wished?"

* Correspondance de Henri Regnault, recueillie et annotée par M. Arthur Duparc. Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.

The conception is somewhat boyish, and the picture (judging by an engraving) is even more so; but both are sufficiently imaginative and vigorous to promise better things. Regnault defines himself from the first a *picturesque* painter. He was a born draughtsman, and with his pencil felt his strength; but what he consciously sought and ardently studied was color and its infinite mysteries and suggestions. It is characteristic and significant that, at the same time that he protests of his boundless admiration for Michael Angelo, he holds off stoutly from him and contents himself with worshipping at a distance:

"What would you have a man do when he finds himself staring point-blank at that formidable giant of the Sistine Chapel? . . . Michael Angelo is a god whom one is afraid to touch, lest fire should issue from him. For the time, at any rate, I haven't the courage to approach him; I foresee that he would do me more harm than good, and I'm satisfied with paying him a contemplative worship. I confess that I don't feel as if I had the strength to attack him with my arms in my hand."

Regnault had strength enough and the sense of strength; the truth, as we take it, was that Michael Angelo was, in a single word, too *austere*. To copy a figure from the Sistine roof is an eminently chastening process, and Regnault's tendency was altogether toward license. It had begun to be true of him that, as a discriminating critic (M. Paul de Saint-Victor) wrote of him two years later, *apropos* of his masterpiece, the "Salome," "we may admire but we must mistrust, also, such a *rouerie de pinceau* in so young a man." The term *rouerie de pinceau* is severe, but Regnault, with all his generous breadth of talent, was too essentially a Parisian not to have incurred it, at least as a caution. In the early summer of 1868, Regnault was thrown by a vicious horse with a violence which nearly proved fatal. His recovery was slow; to hasten it a change of climate was recommended, and he accordingly started with alacrity for Spain, which, much more than Italy, had always been the land of his imagination. He came back to the Villa Medici again; but intellectually he had turned his back upon Rome; prematurely, we should have perhaps said, had he lived. For the long run Rome would have had much to teach him; but the prodigious impulse he received in Spain more than served him for his crowded remnant of life. In Spain he found color in something of the strength he had dreamed of, and he found, too, Velasquez, a master after his own heart. His attitude toward the great Spaniard is very different from the respectful reluctance with which he honored Michael Angelo. Not only he began with ardor to copy the "Surrender of Breda"; but his portrait of Prim is almost an imitation of Velasquez. His letters from Madrid are numerous and of really enchanting interest; extracts more copious than we have space for could alone do them justice. The expulsion of Isabella took place during his stay there, and he describes the revolution, as he saw it in the streets, with admirable humor and intelligence. His observation was not confined to the streets, for he was introduced to several of the leaders and men of the day. Prim, he writes, has been very gracious, and he has undertaken his portrait—without sittings as yet—but with the hope of *one* for the face. Prim, unhappily, was not gracious to the end; if he was a good revolutionist, at least he was a poor critic. The portrait is really in the grand manner, and any model however exalted might be proud of making such an appearance before posterity. But Prim perceived only an "*homme indécant*," who hadn't washed his face, and who looked very absurd without his cap." The General's bare head is half the beauty of the picture. Regnault would make no alterations, and he foresaw that if he surrendered his work Prim would consign it to the garret. "Garret for garret," he writes, "I prefer my own," and he sends a respectful note to his illustrious model politely expressing this preference. Thus it is that Regnault's garret has become the Luxembourg Museum. He had depended on the price of the portrait to pay his Madrid color-man and carry him back to Rome; but in the end he had to make the journey "like a pauper, regretting that there was no sixth-class on the railways and steamboats, and obliged to content myself with the third." Yet in spite of these tribulations his winter in Madrid, if he had lived, would have remained delightfully memorable. His time was richly occupied.

"To-morrow," he writes, "I sha'n't have a minute to myself. At a quarter to eight, a beggar to finish, a study begun to-day; at half-past eleven, a visit to the Fomento, to see a fine Goya; at one, a sitting for the little portrait I'm painting of Madame de B. in a Spanish dress of pink and black—which, by the way, becomes her vastly; at four o'clock, dusk, errand at the *Calle de Toledo* to see an old *gitano* mantle, and buy it, doubtless; at five, my guitar lesson, so that I can scratch tolerably a *jaleo* or a *malagueña* of some sort; dinner at six; at seven, model again in the studio. So it is every day, and so ought it always to have been every day. *Si jeunesse savait!*"

He describes in several charming pages, which deepen one's impression of his rare personal attractiveness, the success with which he fraternized with the *gitanos* of Madrid. Of the natural amenity and capacity of these people, and of the Spaniards generally, he formed the highest opinion:

"I confess that Italy, after Spain," he writes on his return to Rome, "seems to me very dull, very commonplace, very *exploitée*. The Italians' male and female, bore me; their dresses look black, colorless, or glaring, always inharmonious. What a difference from Spain, which yet is but a stepping-stone! It is the East I call for, I demand, I insist on! There only, I believe, I shall feel that I am something."

Elsewhere he says that Rome seems to him lit by a night-light (*une veileuse*). His "Prim" appeared at the Paris Salon of 1869, and made a great sensation. Théophile Gautier blew a louder blast than before, and Paul de Saint-Victor multiplied his strictures. The present editor gives the articles of each critic, and it is interesting to see how they correct and amend each other. The truth is between them; but it little mattered to Regnault how they shared it, for he remained in Rome, working hard, in obedience to an impulse altogether original. He was rapidly finishing his "Judith" and his "Salome," and preparing for a return to Spain and a further excursion to Morocco. To the artist who, at twenty-six, had achieved these two extraordinary performances in colors, our Western world had surely little more to offer. The shining East alone could yield to him "motives" intense enough. The month of September found him established with a friend at Granada, spending busy, rapturous days in the Alhambra. His admiration for the Moorish architecture knew no bounds; it affected him like a revelation:

"Let the earth stop turning," he writes, "let the stars fall, let cities crumble, let the mountains become valleys—it will matter little, so long as the Alhambra is saved and our friends can see it. . . . I am plunging for the moment into water-colors of the most fantastic difficulty. You must know what I think of Granada, the beauty of beauties, Granada with its sky of lapis, its rosy towers and fortresses, its Alhambra of gold, of silver, of diamonds—of the richest things in the world. I was for several days unable to work; I saw nothing but fire."

He adds later in the same letter strangely: "Clairin [his companion] and I are destined to be short-lived. We lead a life *trop vagabonde*, we strive too hard, we have too much ambition, too many desires, to live long."

His doubts were transient, however, in the joy of such visions as these:

"Every morning we go a few steps off, to the Alcazar, to the divine Alhambra, where the walls in the morning are a lace-work of amethysts and roses, of diamonds at noon, and of green gold and red copper at sunset. We stay there till the moon comes to see us, and when she has sent us a few kisses and put to sleep the shadows of the fairies and genies who chiselled this wondrous palace, we go sadly away turning back at every step, unable to tear our eyes from the columns of rosy marble which take at moments the pearly hues of the lustrous body of a goddess, and are at once our bliss and our despair."

On this visit to Spain Regnault seemed to enter into full possession of his genius, and even more of his ambition. His letters give an irresistible impression of the concentrated ardor and passionate ferment of youthful genius. Promise is stamped on every line. Every hour during these months was a golden lesson; every glance and pencil stroke a forward stride. The more he saw, the more he wished to see; his imagination outstripped experience, and he dreamed restlessly of the uttermost East. In describing to a friend an immense Moorish subject which he had determined to paint:

"The doors open," he writes, "on a gallery whose steps are bathed by a river or a lake, on whose edge my palace is built. I evade criticism in making neither the Alhambra nor the Alcazar, but a palace not surrounded by water is no palace for me."

He had already become superbly fastidious. In December he went to Gibraltar and crossed to Tangiers, where he found a splendor of light approaching his ideal—approaching, but not realizing it, however. He adds, in the letter from which we have just quoted, still speaking of his picture:

"In short, it must be a work. Then I can take up my bag and go and adore Brahma and Siva! . . . Don't forget India: it's from there we must come back men. Till now, I have learned only to walk, to eat."

Be ready for the autumn of 1871. We must start young to be moved, to assimilate and drink the sun, to endure the dazzle of marbles and stuffs; and we must come back young to create with force."

He established himself at Tangiers for the winter and following summer, in the most picturesque and oriental of studios, and worked ardently and happily. The "Moorish Execution" at the Luxembourg was painted here, and served as his third "Envoi de Rome" (the "Judith" having been the second); the "Salome," too, carried everything before it at the Salon of 1870. Happily, we have said, Regnault worked; toward the end his happiness was fatally overshadowed by the disasters of his country in the field. When the investment of Paris began, he hurried home and enrolled himself in the National Guard. He remained in the ranks to the end, in spite of urgent offers of promotion, doing a soldier's utmost duty, and sharing the common lot of darkness and danger, cold, sleet, and sordid circumstance of every kind. Brahma and Siva had forgotten their worshipper! Close upon the end and

the hour of release he fell, with but a tithe of his secrets told. His death, as the climax of the narrative formed by his letters, is terribly, ineffably touching, and will always deepen the vivid interest of his works. These, with various limitations, have the supreme merit of a sort of immeasurable strength. Regnault would not have stopped half way. He had the artistic temperament in very much the same degree as the great Italian masters of the Renaissance. He might not have equalled the greatest of these, but he would have recalled them; and, indeed, we may say that, like them, he is already historical.

Memoirs of a Huguenot Family. Translated and compiled from the original autobiography of the Rev. James Fontaine, and other family manuscripts, comprising an original journal of travels in Virginia, New York, etc., in 1715-16. By Ann Maury. With an appendix, containing a translation of the Edict of Nantes, the Edict of Revocation, and other interesting historical documents. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.)—Among the Huguenot refugees whom the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes compelled to seek a home in exile was James Fontaine, the son of a Protestant minister, and himself, at the time of his exile, a candidate for ordination. Fontaine found a home in Ireland for himself and for his family. But in the year 1714-15, his son John, for whom a commission had been obtained in the British army, came to America on a tour of observation and of exploration. He turned out to be the pioneer of his family, several of his brothers and sisters presently following him and finding homes for themselves in Virginia. One of the Virginia descendants of this James Fontaine has collected in this volume the autobiography of the Huguenot exile, the diary of John in his Virginia expedition, and a few more or less interesting family letters and papers. To these are added a few historical papers, among them a translation of the Edict of Nantes and of the Revocation of that Edict, with certain supplementary matter. These documents are not wholly inaccessible even to the ordinary English student, and yet they are not so common as documents so often referred to in popular literature, especially in popular literature of a religious or controversial sort, might naturally be expected to be. The volume has, therefore, a certain general and popular value beyond the local and personal interest which attaches to it. And, indeed, the story of the old Huguenot exile, as he tells it in his own devout fashion, has in it much to interest the general reader. He was a man such as that stormy time was fitted to produce, who could pray and preach when the occasion served, but who could also show himself a shrewd and energetic merchant, a skilful and thrifty manufacturer, a brave and sturdy fighter, when there was need of service in such various ways. It was good stock to come from; and it is easy to excuse the editor of this volume for the frequency of her self-gratu-

lation on her pious ancestry, although it would have been in somewhat better taste if, when the volume was made public, allusions of this sort had been judiciously repressed. The fine old Huguenot could have spoken for himself quite as well if this commentary of felicitation, on the part of his descendant, had not been quite so audible. It is surely no crime for any one not to have had a Huguenot for a great-grandfather.

But, on the whole, the book is a good one. The story is unquestionably authentic, the spirit in which the compilation has been made is earnest and devout, and the style of the translated autobiography (which occupies the greater part of the volume) is sufficiently readable.

Avantures de Trois Russes et de Trois Anglais. Par Jules Verne. Dernière édition. (New York: F. W. Christern. 1872.)—A more prosaic subject than the measuring of an arc of the earth's meridian could hardly be imagined, but our author has nearly invested it with the interest of a sensational novel, some of the incidents falling by no means short of the standard of such works (as in the chapters "Triangler on Mourir," and "Où Nicolas Palander s'empare"), and a sort of plot being effected by dividing the Russian and English savants into two rival and quasi-hostile parties, on their learning of the outbreak of the Crimean war. The story opens upon the banks of the Orange River, and ends upon the Zambesi; and a diligent study of Livingstone, Gordon Cumming, and other South African explorers has enabled M. Verne to fill naturally with local color the dry outline of an official report. For a truthful and agreeable description of the country and its inhabitants, and for a clear account of the methods employed in the delicate operation of triangulation, these adventures may be recommended with small reserve. The author's mode of popularizing science in this as in his other works—'Adventures of Captain Hatteras,' 'The Children of Captain Grant,' 'Five Weeks in a Balloon,' 'Trip to the Earth's Centre,' etc., etc.—may, we suppose, be open to criticism.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Ames (Mary C.), Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary.....	(Hurd & Houghton)
Brockett (Dr. L. P.), Walter Powell.....	(Geo. Routledge & Sons)
Carlen (Emily F.), Lavinia; or, One Year.....	(James Miller)
Cohn (Prof. F.), Ueber Bacterien, swd.....	(L. W. Schmidt)
Darwin (C.), Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Emma's Engagement.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Faber (F.), Lehrbegriff des Confucius, swd.....	(Hongkong)
Fiske (J.), Myths and Myth-makers.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) \$2 00
Goldsmith (O.), The Traveller, Deserted Village, Hermit.....	(S. R. Wells) 1 00
Hale (Rev. E. K.), His Level Best, and Other Stories.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 50
Hutchins (Rev. C. L.), Annotations of the Hymnal.....	(M. H. Malloy & Co.)
Livingstone and his African Explorations.....	(Adams, Victor & Co.)
MacKellar (T.), Rhymes Atween-Times.....	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)

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THE WEEK IN TRADE AND FINANCE.

DEC. 30, 1872.

THE past month throughout the country has been more severe for borrowers of money than during the corresponding period of twenty-five previous years. This increased stringency was caused by the action of the Treasury Department. In October, previous to the State elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, money in Wall Street had been made artificially tight by the locking up of a large amount of greenbacks by a clique of speculators, who were operating for a decline in the stock market. For the purpose of relieving this stringency, the Treasury Department made an extra purchase on the 7th of October of \$5,000,000 5-20's, and sold an extra \$5,000,000 gold. The purchasers of the gold were allowed to deposit the amount of currency due the Treasury in payment for the gold in two of the national banks of this city instead of paying it directly into the Treasury. To pay for bonds purchased, the Secretary reissued \$5,000,000 of the \$44,000,000 legal tenders retired by Secretary McCulloch, which Congress authorized him to withdraw and cancel April 12, 1866. The effect of all this was to put in circulation \$5,000,000 new legal-tender notes, and \$5,000,000 gold, which gave \$10,000,000 additional reserve to the banks. Immediate relief was experienced in the money market, prices of stocks advanced, and appearances for a time bore a very cheerful aspect as far as borrowers of money were concerned. But the new legal tenders were not allowed to remain long in circulation, for Mr. Boutwell very soon commenced their withdrawal, and by the 1st of December they were no longer in circulation. The currency that had been placed in the national banks was called for by instalments. At the present writing, but \$1,350,000 remain with them.

It was not surprising that the legal tenders should have been withdrawn from circulation, grave doubts having existed in the minds of many as to the right of the Secretary of the Treasury to issue them at all; but, with the money deposited in the banks, it was thought that in the midst of the usual fall drain of currency to the West and South to "move the crops," it would not be called for until the movement was over, and the return of the money to this city would not make its loss felt. Thus the relief afforded by the Treasury in October was but temporary; but, though temporary, it was seized upon by stock speculators as a basis upon which to advance prices. The inflation in stocks was soon sufficient to absorb, by the increased amount of money required to carry them, all of the amount contributed by the Treasury; consequently, the withdrawal of the legal tenders, and calling in of the money from the banks, without a corresponding decline in the prices of stocks, caused a very sharp demand from borrowers on call. The Treasury, in its regular weekly bond purchases, has so construed the meaning of paying par in gold for them, that it has considered the *lowest* price of gold on the day upon which purchases of bonds were made as the market price, and purchased only those bonds that were offered at or under that price. The large Government dealers have been holding off from offering bonds to the Treasury in consequence of this construction, and on several occasions the offerings fell short of the amount advertised for, the result being that most of the money received from the proceeds of the weekly sales of gold remained in the vaults of the Treasury, and was an additional loss of capital to the Street. During the month of December the rates of interest upon call loans have ranged between 7 per cent. per annum and $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per diem, the latter rate being equal to $136\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum. Speculators in stocks have been able to pay these rates, but so long as they could be obtained upon call loans in the Street the sales of commercial paper have been nearly stopped, and merchants put to the most serious inconvenience in consequence. The rates upon call loans above quoted are absurdly high; but so long as the usury law remains unrepealed, there is no help for such a state of affairs.

By reason of the different corporations preparing for the payment of their regular January dividends, money during the past week has been more stringent than at any previous time within the month. After the commencement of the new year, however, this money will gradually return and be available for business purposes. In spite of the discouragements of the money market, prices have been kept up at the Stock Exchange, the large holders being content to hold on to their stocks, knowing that the new year will bring about an entirely different state of affairs, and that the usual demand from investors will tend to carry up prices.

The Bank Statement for the week is favorable, notwithstanding a large loss of legal tenders, which is more than made up by a gain in specie; the loss in legal tenders is accounted for by their shipment to the South and West, and by the money locked up by the Treasury in selling \$1,000,000 gold and purchasing only \$417,950 bonds. The national banks by law are required

to hold in legal tenders and specie 25 per cent. of their liabilities; on Saturday, December 21, the excess of legal reserve was but \$663,175 over the required 25 per cent. On Saturday the 28th it was \$1,835,750, showing a net gain for the week of \$1,172,575. It is proper to state that the bank statement includes that of the larger State banks of the city, which are not required to keep on hand the same reserve as the national banks, and consequently do not do so in many instances. The following is the statement in detail:

	Dec. 21.	Dec. 28.	Differences.
Specie.....	12,773,100	17,941,800	Inc.... 4,468,700
Legal tenders.....	41,626,700	41,119,600	Dec.... 3,507,100
Total reserve.....	57,399,800	58,361,400	Inc... 961,600
Circulation.....	27,522,700	27,573,000	Inc... 50,300
Deposits.....	199,423,800	198,529,600	Dec... 894,200
Total liabilities.....	226,946,500	226,102,600	Dec... 843,900
25 per cent. reserve.....	56,736,625	56,525,560	
Excess over legal reserve.....	663,175	1,835,750	Inc... 1,172,575

Meantime, dulness pervades the stock market, and the week has passed without any special feature.

On Saturday, notice was given to the Stock Exchange by the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company that it had purchased the new line of railway between Milwaukee and Chicago, in part payment for which they are to pay \$2,000,000 in their common stock, and the Company will issue the 20,000 shares of their common stock, at the expiration of thirty days; also, the scrip preferred stock will after thirty days be increased 25,000 shares, or \$2,500,000, to accompany the like amount of bonds issued by the company in part payment of the new line, and for the purchase of depot grounds and depot buildings in the city of Chicago and of steel rails and equipments for the general uses of the Company. The new line of road was built by a construction company, which included some of the officers of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company, therefore we presume that the construction company acted entirely in the interests of all the stockholders in the former company.

During the week the Government bond market has developed remarkable strength. Prices have advanced from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The demand from savings-banks and other corporations has been considerable, and has been instrumental in advancing prices. The Treasury purchase of bonds on Thursday amounted to \$417,950, at $111\frac{3}{4}$ and under. The total amount offered was \$924,750, all under 112. Mr. Boutwell, as usual, construed $111\frac{3}{4}$ as the market price for gold, that being the lowest price of the day, and bought only the above amount, whereas there were no sales of gold under 112 after 10.30 A.M. on the day of purchase.

State bonds have been dull; those of the Southern States generally constitute the bulk of the dealings, which are of a speculative nature, owing to the glorious state of uncertainty attending the payment of interest—the payment of the principal never entering the minds of the most sanguine. The news comes from Montgomery, Ala., that the Legislature has authorized the issue of \$2,000,000 bonds. The legality of this issue is seriously questioned by the Democrats, who warn capitalists against investing in them. Even the Republicans give a most gloomy description of the finances of the State, and represent that State bonds to the amount of nearly \$900,000 have been sold by financial agents, and the proceeds unaccounted for; that a large amount of bonds have been hypothecated, and are about to be lost for want of means to redeem them; that outstanding claims, amounting to nearly \$1,000,000, have been left for the present administration to meet; the treasury is empty, and the State is on the verge of bankruptcy.

With such statements as these, we can well imagine that investors will look well into the matter before taking any of the bonds, although "a financial agent will leave for the North in a few days, to negotiate the sale of them."

Railroad bonds are strong, with a good demand for the standard bonds quoted at the Stock Exchange. Bankers engaged in selling the bonds of new railroads report a better demand for them, but we suspect that only those marketing the best of them are meeting with much success.

In the gold market there has been no special feature. During the week, shipments to the amount of \$1,980,324 have been made to Europe, making a total for the year shipped of \$70,550,393, which, with the exception of the shipments during the year 1868, when they amounted to \$70,718,781, are the largest ever made in any one year from this port.

